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[UNDER THE EVIL EYE.]

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Oh, summer days, oh, summer days,
So full of quiet joy,
Why will your happiness give place
To autumn cool and coy?

Butter.

THE morning which had been fixed upon for the riding party was as fine as the many which had preceded it, and there was, as a slice of luck, a fresh breeze blowing from the sea that glittered beyond the cliffs.

Leicester had given his friend Bertie the choice of his stables, and Bertie had selected a rakish-looking chestnut mare, because, as he said, it winked at him as he entered.

"Humour should be encouraged in a horse," he said, with a laugh. "I'll ride this comic old lady."

"And I," said Leicester, "will give the Black Knight a spin."

The Black Knight was a tall black hunter, a special favourite of Leicester's, and a good but somewhat willful horse.

"I'm afraid the ladies will be burnt up," said Mrs. Dodson. "Won't you have a white scarf over your neck, Mr. Fairfax? I can't persuade Leicester, but perhaps you will be more prudent."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Dodson," said Bertie. "I am rather anxious to get tanned, to tell you the truth; but I'm sorry Leicester won't wear one, because if he get any darker he'll be as black as his horse."

And with that parting rally the light-hearted young fellow rode off after his friend.

When he reached the Park Violet was standing in her habit on the lawn, with Leo making frantic dashes at her and altogether in insane delight.

"What a picture she makes!" murmured Bertie. "That habit looks as if it had been moulded on her exquisite."

Leicester said never a word, but touched the Knight with his hand, and, pulling up, dropped from the saddle.

"Isn't it hot?" said Violet, as they bent over her hand. "I'm afraid Lady Ethel will not have the courage to venture; the least fastidious might fear for their complexions this morning."

"Then you are not fastidious at all?" said Leicester.

"No, not at all," said Violet. "Besides, my blue veil will protect me. Ah, here's Captain Murpoint. He is going to ride my dear old Ned. Look at him, isn't he a noble fellow?"

"Who? the captain, or Ned?" said Leicester.

"Oh both," said Violet, with an arch smile.

And certainly the term would not have been altogether ill chosen; the captain did look well on horseback, and he sat on the old horse as if he had grown to his back.

"And here is another favourite," said Bertie as the groom brought round a pretty white Arabian.

"Yes," said Violet. "Rose I call her, and she will follow me. See!" and, walking a little distance, she called to the horse, who, when the groom released it, came with slow, graceful dignity to her hand.

Leicester approached and held his hand, and when Violet placed her small foot in it lifted her on to the saddle with that ease which is only acquired by practice.

Then he stood for a breath's space stroking the pony and looking up at Violet's happy, light-hearted face. His own was less grave than usual as he vaulted on the Knight and trotted off with the rest.

For some time they rode all together, and the conversation was partly general, mutual inquiries after health and remarks upon the weather filling up the first two miles.

Then the captain and Mr. Fairfax got into a conversation upon the merits of Bengal cheroots as weighed against Manillas, and Leicester and Violet were left to their own devices.

After a short pause Leicester drew The Knight nearer to her Arabian, and said:

"Did you sleep well last night, Miss Mildmay?"

"No," said Violet, candidly. "I did not."

"I'm sorry for that," he said, genuinely. "I was so afraid after I had left you that the apparition which you fancied you saw would disturb you and make you nervous."

"The apparition, or whatever you may call it, which I saw," said Violet, with an emphasis on the "saw," "did disturb me. I could not go to sleep for thinking of it, and, though I am not naturally timid, I cannot help a queer sensation even now when I think of it. It is not agreeable to live in a house with a phantom nun for a lodger."

"Dismiss the matter from your mind," said Leicester, "or, if you cannot succeed in doing so, think of it as a mere fancy—as it was; you know. There are no such things as ghosts, no reasoning man or woman can believe in them. I can explain the apparition, I think, pretty truthfully when I say that the moonlight plays strange tricks with a ruined wall. There are irregular, jagged corners and points about that old ruin which throw shadows upon the wall and the window. Those shadows you took for the ghost. Remember you had been talking of it, and the mind was prepared, as it were, to receive an erroneous impression."

"Yes," said Violet, calmly. "Nevertheless I still believe I saw a white figure, a woman's, with a face like a skeleton and a pair of flashing, fiery eyes, and all the reasoning in the world will never alter that belief."

"Then we will say no more about it," said Leicester. But he broke the resolution a moment after by saying, gravely:

"Perhaps it would have lessened your nervousness if you had known that some one was near you awake and watching for anything in the way of ghosts or mortals which might appear."

"It would," she said, with surprise, "and was there some one watching?"

"Yes," said Leicester. "I smoked a cigar in full view of the ghost's window, but I saw nothing, and heard nothing."

"How good of you," said Violet, with a dash of colour and a soft, grateful light in her eyes.

"Eth?" said Leicester, genuinely surprised. "Oh no; it was pleasant in the open air than in a hot bedroom, and I enjoyed the cigar."

But though he spoke the truth Violet kept to her own opinion of his act of thoughtfulness on her behalf, and the silence which followed was eloquent of her unspoken gratitude.

In due course they reached Coombe Lodge.

"Now for the proof of Lady Ethel's courage," said Captain Murpoint. "Here is Lord Fitz," he added, as his lordship came round from the stables dressed in a light summer tweed, which set off his slight, boyish figure to advantage.

"Well, does Lady Ethel shrink from the ordeal?" said Leicester, as they shook hands.

"No," he said; "she is getting ready. My mother is in the drawing-room."

But while he spoke Lady Lackland came on to the steps, and, with her parasol raised, walked carefully towards them.

She shook hands most graciously with the captain, and insisted upon kissing Violet, which caress Violet met with her usual gentle smile and blush. Indeed, her ladyship was gracious to the whole party, even including Mr. Fairfax, who modestly kept in the background until the other salutations were made—his frank, handsome face rather overshadowed by the knowledge that he was not a welcome sight to the countess.

"Ethel will be down directly," she said. "Will you dismount? No! I thought you would not, and I have told them to bring round some claret and champagne cups."

As she spoke two servants appeared with the refreshments.

"You must take some, my dear," she said to Violet, who had refused, and Leicester slung his bridle over his arm and handed the silver cup up to her.

Ethel appeared the next moment, and welcomed the party with her usual calm grace and gentleness, and after the usual gossip the captain helped her to mount.

"Are—a—all ready?" said Lord Fitz.

"No, wait a moment," said the countess. "My dear, will you come and dine with us to-morrow, and forgive so informal an invitation? I will drive over to the Park and call upon Mrs. Mildmay this afternoon, and upon Mrs. Dodson. You, gentlemen, will honour us?"

"I shall be most happy," said the captain, with a bow.

"And I," said Bertie. Leicester bowed in silence.

"Then we shall, if Mrs. Mildmay and Mrs. Dodson will accept, have a pleasant little party," said the countess; and with an amiable good-bye she bade them start.

Although the great lady had been very gracious and smiled her sweetest at all the young people felt an indescribable sense of relief when they had got clear of the great iron gates, and the formal avenue. Ethel, who always seemed quieter and more reserved in her parent's presence, broke into a merry laugh which almost matched that of Violet's, who was telling her some anecdote concerning Leo, who trotted by her side with his great tongue out and his faithful eyes turned up to her with a look of admiring devotion.

"And now for the cliffs," said the captain, raising his white hand towards the sea. "I long for a breath of salt air. Mr. Fairfax, shall we put the horses to a little sport? Mr. Leicester and my lord, you will look after the ladies?"

And so, much to Mr. Bertie's annoyance, he divided the party.

On the cliffs the captain got the much-desired salt air, and his spirits rose in consequence.

He ran over with good humour, and compelled the laughter and applause even of Bertie, who owed him a grudge.

As for the ladies they were in gentle ecstasies at the morning and the captain's jokes, and while Bertie and Lord Fitz sent their laughter echoing down the valley Leicester contented himself with an occasional smile and sat upon his Black Knight in silence, which sat upon him as well as he sat on his horse.

Evidently Violet had forgotten the ghost.

"How beautiful the sea looks," she said.

"Yes, the cloth of the field of gold with the jewel side uppermost," said Leicester. "But you can get a better view of it from that promontory yonder. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Violet. "Will you, Lady Boisdale?"

"No," murmured Ethel, in a low voice. "Not if you call me Lady Boisdale, but I will go anywhere with you if you will call me Ethel."

"I will call you Ethel if you call me Violet."

"That I will," said Ethel, and the bargain was struck.

Leicester's ears were sharp and he had heard the terms of the agreement with a grave smile.

"Others beside you, my Lady Boisdale, would go anywhere with her if she called them by their Christian names," he thought, and he wondered if he were amongst the others. "I should like to hear her call me Leicester," but he said aloud, in his usual grave, deep voice:

"This is the point from which the coastguard can get a clean sweep of the sea all around, save that which is broken by the cliff in front of the Park. See how the grass is worn away by the tread of the men's feet. They stand here night and day sweeping the horizon with their telescopes, and they can detect a ship in the tiniest speck, which would be imperceptible to you and me."

"What a great deal of time a coastguard has for thought," said Ethel, musingly. "If a man in that position were educated he would have great advantages over his brethren in the noisy world. There is inspiration enough in that sea there below his feet to serve for a second 'Paradise Lost.'"

"I'm afraid the coastguard reflections tend to something more prosaic. What he shall do with his enormous sum of fifteen shillings weekly, for instance," said Leicester, cynically.

"What is that—a boat?" said Violet, pointing out to sea.

"Yes," said Leicester, shading his eyes. "A yacht."

"Beautiful!" said Ethel. "A painted ship on a painted ocean."

"How I should like to have a yacht," said Violet, with her usual impulse. "I would too only that I could not manage it."

"Could you not?" said Leicester. "It is not very difficult, and it is very interesting."

"Do you understand it?" asked Violet, still watching the toy ship.

"Yes," said Leicester. "I think this is my boat coming along. Yes, it is," he added, after a minute's scrutiny. "They are taking a run to air the sails, I suppose."

"Yours!" said Violet. "I did not know you had a yacht. You do not use it often?"

"No," said Leicester, "not very often. Only in rough weather. It is rather monotonous in the fine. It is 'a painted ship on a painted ocean,' as Lady Boisdale quoted."

"I should like to sketch that boat of yours, Leo," said Bertie, who had escaped from the captain and came up at that moment. "There is a beautiful view from that point, Lady Boisdale," he added. "Will you come and compare?"

Ethel, nothing loth, made off with him, and Leicester and Violet were again alone.

"I have been thinking if a sail would be agreeable to you, Miss Mildmay?" he said, quietly. "On a fine day like this, when the sea is calm, and there is just enough wind to fill the sails, it is ladies' weather; perhaps if it held out I may be able to persuade Mrs. Mildmay to trust herself to Neptune."

"Aunt would be very glad, I think," said Violet, frankly, "and I should be delighted. I have only been out in a small boat. A yacht is a ship in miniature, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "and can live through as rough weather as a four-master. I have been on the Baltic in a storm in the 'Petrol.'"

"The 'Petrol'? What a pretty name," said Violet. "I don't think I should care for the storm though."

"No," said Leicester. "Neither did I, for I thought it was the only one I should see. The 'Petrol' weathered it nevertheless, and, though I do not wish to renew my experience of a squall, I think she would do it again."

Then he gave her a description of the Mediterranean, of the opal sea, and the clear blue sky, and the emerald coast glistening like a jewel along the line, until Violet, listening with all her ears, felt that a voyage in the 'Petrol' would be worth taking.

While he had been talking Mr. Leicester, perhaps not unconsciously, had gradually drawn away from the rest of the party, and Violet, thoroughly abstracted, had of course accompanied him.

But when he had finished, and there was a pause, she started and said:

"Where are the rest of the people? Had we not better go back?"

"They are coming," said Leicester; "I think we had better ride on," and he thought he should secure a tête-à-tête with Violet for the remainder of the trip.

But Mr. Leicester had counted without his host.

The captain had other intentions of disposing of Miss Mildmay, and before the pair had gone very far they heard the captain's old hunter thundering after them, followed by Lord Fitz's mare.

"A wager!" exclaimed the captain, merrily. "Lord Boisdale has been daring enough to bet me a five-pound note that your horse stands higher than his, Miss Mildmay."

"Has he?" laughed Violet, pulling up, so that Lord Fitz could ride beside her. "Well, which is right?"

"I am," said the captain, triumphantly.

"So you are," said Lord Fitz, with his boyish laugh, and he handed out the note, which he thought a small price to pay for the delight of riding beside Violet.

Then the captain, with infinite art, engaged Mr. Leicester in conversation, and, by dint of stopping every now and then to ask questions concerning, or to dilate upon, the beauty of the scenery, kept Leicester back while Lord Fitz and Violet went on in front.

Then he proposed that they should wait for the remainder of the party, and, when it came up, with the same tact he drew Bertie away from Lady Ethel, and compelled Leicester to escort her.

So he made two of our heroes intensely savage, but gained his point.

Lord Fitz and Violet rode the rest of the way in pleasant chat, and Leicester, who was gravely courteous and entertaining to Ethel, had the pleasure of hearing their harmonious laughter borne down upon the breeze.

Bertie, who was more good-natured, though he looked repeatedly at Ethel and felt inclined to leave the captain with violent abruptness, was now won over to forgiveness by the latter's admirable spirits. And so the cavalcade returned homewards—the captain chuckling in his sleeve, and serenely triumphant.

When they all came together for the parting Lord Fitz looked particularly happy and flustered; his boyish face was all smiles, and his yellow flaxen hair was blown across his forehead like a donkey's twist.

"Jolly ride! we've had," he said, looking round, "especially the ride home. It doesn't seem so hot."

"No," said Violet, who also looked particularly happy; "I have enjoyed it."

So had they all, they declared, and they parted at the cross-roads amidst laughter and with wishes for another expedition.

But when Bertie and Leicester turned up the road which led to the Cedars a dissatisfied, disappointed expression seemed to settle upon both their faces, even on jovial, light-hearted Bertie's.

"A wretched lot," he muttered, under his tawny moustache.

"Beastly," said Leicester.

Then Bertie spoke his mind.

"That captain seems a bore, old fellow."

"I know not seem; good mother, it is," quoted Leicester, with a savage smile.

"A regular spoil-sport," growled Bertie. "I don't know whether he means it or not."

"Can't say," said Leicester, laconically.

"The way in which he managed to break us up into detachments and his confounded jaw about that scenery were enough to drive a fellow mad!"

"Yes," said Leicester. "And madmen do some strange things sometimes. The captain had better take heed; under a fit of insanity I might—I say only that I might—be moved to pitch the cause of it over the cliffs."

Bertie laughed.

"That's like you, old fellow. 'Pon my word, you looked as if you could have accommodated him, and though I was savage myself I could not help smiling at your discomfiture. I can't make it out altogether. Why on earth the Mildmays, who are first-rate people, suffer this spoil-sport to be continually at their heels beats me!"

"He is an old friend of Miss Mildmay's father," said Leicester, "that's the reason. How sweet it is to think that we shall meet him again to-morrow night, and the night after that, and the next, and the next, ad infinitum! What would life be without Captain Murpoint?"

"Confound him, I wish his horse had pitched him over," grumbled Bertie, not at all truthfully, for he could wish harm to no one. "I say, Leicester, how sweet my lady countess was!"

"Yes," she roared like a sucking dove," said Leicester. "Unusually amiable, Bert."

"Ah!" said Bert, with an apprehensive sigh. "I don't like her when she's like that, Leo; it shows 'danger.' I'd rather she showed her teeth and gave me a cool look, as much as to say 'Have you the impudence to remain alive still? Do so, if you please, it is of no consequence.' Then you know that she doesn't mean fighting; but when she smiles sweetly, and calls you 'dear Mr. Fairfax,' as if she loved the very ring of your name, then I know she thinks you're worth powder and shot, and that she means to hunt you to the death! Oh, I know my lady countess!"

"Poor Bertie!" said Leicester, with an unfeeling laugh. "Has not the eagle the right to watch over her young?"

"Yes, but not to destroy such a lamb as I am," said Bertie. "I wish to goodness, Les, you had more heart."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Leicester, with a slight flush; "I've quite enough, and more than I want perhaps."

"Then take care you don't lose it," retorted Bertie, waving his hand significantly towards the Park.

"Bah!" said Leicester, grimly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE countess was as good as her word, and called at the Park and the Cedars with her invitation.

Mrs. Mildmay received her with her usual good-breeding, which covered a considerable amount of satisfaction, and accepted her invitation for herself and Violet.

"During the visit, which was necessarily short, Lady Lackland smiled sweetly upon Violet, and in an undertone expressed herself to her aunt greatly struck with her beauty and breeding.

"Violet is beautiful," said Mrs. Mildmay, with a pleased sigh, "and she is well bred, Lady Lackland. As you are of course aware the Mildmays are not mushrooms," and the old lady smiled with conscious and amusing satisfaction.

"No, indeed," said the countess, "and Miss Mildmay's grace and carriage remind me of it. And now I must go, my dear Mrs. Mildmay, for I have to call at the Cedars. We hope to see Mr. and Mrs. Dodson and Mr. Leicester Dodson to-morrow."

So she took her departure, pausing a moment, however, to ask, with a sweet confidence:

"Do you think Fitz improved, my dear Mrs. Mildmay?"

"Oh, very much indeed," said Mrs. Mildmay, "although I always liked him."

"He is so good and kind," said Lady Lackland, "and so different to the young men of the day." And with this insertion of the thin edge of the wedge her ladyship said farewell.

At the Cedars, where she was received with a little more ceremony, she was quite as gracious, and entertained Mrs. Dodson with an account of the various admirable qualities of Ethel. There was no end to be gained by praising Lord Fitz, so the wily mother said nothing about him.

Mrs. Dodson accepted, and was very sorry that Leicester and his friend were out. Would the Lady Lackland wait? But no, the countess would not wait, and took herself off with a sweet smile and a gracious

"We shall expect you to-morrow at eight, then." Then as she leant back in her carriage—which it is very probable still remained unpaid for—she thought:

"Yes, they must be very rich. Massive plate, a large house, and a great many servants, and those retired tradesmen never live up to half their income. I do hope Ethel and Fitz will not let the opportunity slip!"

Next morning Leicester and Bertie walked down to the beach to look at the yacht, and on the way Leicester carelessly and in a matter-of-fact manner told his friend that he should ask Mrs. Mildmay to take a trip.

"And Miss Mildmay too?" said Bertie, with a half-smile.

"Yes, said Leicester. "If she cares to come."

"I wonder if Lady Boisdale is fond of yachting," said Bertie, significantly.

"It was Leicester's turn to smile.

"We'll ask her if you like," he said.

Bertie looked at him gratefully.

"You're a good old fellow, Les," he said, "though you are a grumpy cynic. It would be very jolly. Heigh-ho!"

"You are a very foolish young fellow," said Leicester, in the tone of a heavy father. "You are looking at grapes above your reach, Bert, and, mark me, you'll over-strain and fall."

"Never mind," said Bertie. "The next thing to eating grapes is the looking and longing for them. What a lucky dog you are, Les; no grapes are too high for you."

"I'm not fond of grapes and don't want any," said Leicester. Then in a more serious tone he added:

"About the dinner party at the Lacklands, Bert. Do you wish to go? We didn't come down for this sort of thing in this weather, we came to get out of reach of Lady Lackland and her kind, and to ruralize. Let us send an excuse. Say you have the headache and I'm at home to nurse you."

Bertie laughed.

"Everybody knows I never had a day's illness in my life, and everybody knows you wouldn't nurse me

if I had. No, old fellow, we'll go if only for the treat of seeing the countess gracious. I wonder whether it is painful for a frost to thaw; if so I can guess what it must cost the countess to be civil to such vagabonds as I."

Then they hailed the yacht's boat, and went aboard the little vessel.

Leicester's sharp eye detected several things out of place, and he called up the sailing master.

"Keep her all taut," he said, quietly. "I may want her at a moment's notice."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the man, a weather-beaten old man-of-war, who respected nobody but the Lord Admiral of England and Leicester Dodson.

"What about the weather?" said Leicester, glancing at the sky. "Will it last?"

"I'm most afraid," said the man. "We've had such a spell of it; and the clouds as do come up go off windward. We'll have a change, I'm thinking, and when we do it will be sharp and sudden."

Leicester, who thought he understood weather-signs, looked sceptical, and soon after the two gentlemen returned to shore.

Then Bertie went up to his room and worked, but it was very much against the grain, for in a short poem he wrote Lady Ethel's face seemed to float in between paper and pen, and in a sketch he drew the pencil would form the face itself.

Leicester lit a cigar and strolled down the cliff. He did not call at the Park, but he heard a sweet, clear voice singing, and he waited by the bridge until the song died out, and thought of Tennyson's words:

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the hall,
She is singing an air that is known to me;
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call;
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May.

There she was by the rosary on the lawn; he could see the glimmer of the white muslin dress.

What was she thinking of while she sang—of the roses? of the birds? of what? He felt inclined, indeed sorely tempted, to open the wicket and break in upon her song, and had almost yielded to the strong desire, but the next moment a man's voice chimed in very sweetly with the song.

It was Captain Murpoint's voice, and as Violet commenced another verse Leicester walked away with a frown upon his face and the conclusion of the poem in his mind.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still, I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore
Not her, not her, but a voice.

It was not less remarkable than strange that even the voice or the form of Captain Murpoint should cross like a dark shadow the intercourse between Leicester and the girl with whom he was falling in love!

That evening the Lackland skeleton kept very discreetly in its cupboard, and no one, looking at the magnificent rooms and appointments, would ever have guessed that there was a skeleton at all there.

There were the evidences of wealth everywhere: spacious saloons and snug anterooms, splendid furniture in the best taste, magnificent plate, noiseless and well-liveried servants; and over and above all that nameless tone of rank and high breeding.

The Mildmays were late.

It was the captain's fault, or rather Mr. Starling's. For the last day or two, as the captain with many apologies explained, his valet had been very stupid and confused.

He had spoiled three cravats, torn one of the captain's shirts, and spilt a bottle of Ess Bouquet over his dress coat.

"I cannot think what can have come to him," he said to Mrs. Dodson, whom he had the honour of taking in to dinner.

"Perhaps he is in love," said the good-natured lady.

"Poor fellow, then I will forgive him," gallantly remarked the captain.

Leicester, who had enough confidence and cool determination to perform many acts which would seem impossible to smaller minds, had, in the drawing-room before dinner, determined upon escorting Violet in to dinner, and his intention was so palpable that Lady Lackland bowed to it, but she so manoeuvred that Lady Ethel should be seated on his other side, and that Bertie Fairfax should be separated from them by three others.

The dinner was not nearly so successful a one as that which Mr. Dodson had given.

Lady Lackland was particularly gracious, and

talked to all in turns. The captain also exerted himself, but Leicester was either silent or devoted himself to the ladies on either side, and the rest of the company followed in the wake of any conversation like timid sheep.

It was not until the ladies had left the room that Bertie roused himself to be amusing.

The gentlemen got all together, and passed the Lackland port about with alacrity, for now they felt that they were free to please themselves, and would not be disposed of by Lady Lackland like a set of children at a form round a table.

Bertie and the captain made Leicester and Lord Fitz laugh, and Mr. Dodson drank the port for half an hour, then they went into the drawing-room.

Two pairs of eyes were raised with something like a welcome: Ethel's and Violet's.

The two girls were seated very close together, talking in a low voice. Violet was telling Ethel the ghost story, and Ethel was trying to convince her that she was the victim of a delusion.

As the gentlemen entered Violet said, quickly and with a slight flush:

"Hush! do not let us talk about it any more."

"Why?" said Ethel.

"Because," said Violet, with her usual candour and openness. "I promised Mr. Leicester Dodson I would try and forget it."

Leicester dropped into the vacant seat beside Violet without any hesitation. It was not his way to wander round a room like a swallow and approach the woman he liked by degrees.

He came at once and took up the conversation where it had been broken at dinner.

Bertie, taking courage from Leicester, sauntered up to Lady Ethel, and the two pairs were now very comfortable and happy. But their delight was of short duration.

The captain as he entered had passed the quartette on the sofa and had stroked his moustache to hide the evil, malicious smile which crossed his face.

Then he went up to Lady Lackland, and in his soft tones laid himself out to please her.

He praised in a delicate, well-bred way the beauty and grace of Ethel, the cleverness and horsemanship of Lord Fitz, and when her ladyship, who had been rather suspicious of him at first, was beginning to think him rather nice and distinguished, he glided from Fitz and Ethel to Violet and Leicester.

"Miss Mildmay," he said, after a sigh, "is, as you are, my lady, no doubt aware, the daughter of my dearest friend! Poor John! he consigned his darling to my care, and I am sorely tempted to take upon myself the post of guardian in the literal sense of the word. I would pray for no other task than that of watching over and protecting her. She is all soul, my dear countess, all soul, as simple as innocent, as single minded as a child. Just the nature to be misled by seeming heroism, to fancy all sorts of wild, improbable things, to be deceived in matters of the heart. Look at her now. Have you ever seen a more absorbed and trustful face than that turned up to Mr. Leicester Dodson?"

Lady Lackland did not require to be directed. All the while the captain had been running on in his smooth way she had been watching the pair and Ethel and Bertie beside them, and she felt as if she could have dragged Mr. Fairfax away and thrust Leicester in his place while she pushed Fitz beside the ingenuous Violet.

"Mr. Leicester, too, if he will permit me to say so," continued the captain, "is one of those disinterested men who follow the bent of their passing fancy without thought or reflection. Immensely rich, my dear madam, immensely! He should marry rank. Rank is what he wants—so does Violet. It would never do for Violet to marry one of her own class—never! Poor John would rise from his grave to forbid it. Hundreds of times he has said to me 'Howard, my girl must be a countess!' Poor John!"

Lady Lackland sighed sympathetically, and her voice was less cold than it had been hitherto towards the captain when she said:

"She is beautiful and well bred enough for any rank."

The captain bowed.

"Did I not hear that Lord Fitz sang?" he said, softly. "If so, I wish we could induce him to sing a duet with Violet."

"I'll try," said Lady Lackland, instantly acting on the hint, and she went over to Violet.

"Miss Mildmay, will you sing a duet with my son? Please do; we are dying for a little music."

Violet, ever ready to give pleasure, rose and laid down her fan.

Lord Fitz, who had vainly been trying to interest Mr. Dodson in the next likelihoods for the coming race meetings, came forward with a blush of pleasure, and Lady Lackland had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Fitz and Violet at the piano.

Then the captain went up to Bertie and in his pleasantest manner said:

"Mr. Fairfax, there is a sketch here you ought to see. I have never seen such colour and tint in so simple an effect."

Bertie looked up at him as if he could have pitched him out of the window, but he rose and with as good a grace as he could assume went with the artistic captain to inspect the sketch.

Leicester and Ethel were left alone, and they fell to talking of Violet.

"I am so glad that Miss Mildmay and I are friends," she said. "How beautifully she sings! Fitz's voice never sounded to so much advantage."

"No," said Leicester, who didn't care about Fitz's voice, but was ready to talk of Violet. "So you and Miss Mildmay are good friends, Lady Ethel?" he said.

"Yes, very," said Ethel, with her usual calm smile; "we have been comparing note-books and find that they disagree just enough for us to love each other without fear of quarrelling or monotony."

"That is delightful," said Leicester.

"And we have been planning so many walks and drives together."

"That is cruel; for of course you will exclude the rest of the world?"

"Of course," said Ethel. "And when we go up to town Miss Mildmay has promised to accompany us if she can. That will be nicer still, for, strange as it may sound, I have no real friend in London, though I meet so many who bear the name."

"I understand that," said Leicester. "I am more fortunate than you. I have one, the best and dearest fellow that ever lived," and with a flash of his eyes he looked at Bertie, who was listening with downcast, patient face to the captain.

Ethel looked too, and smiled.

"I have heard that you were great friends. And yet you seem so different."

"That is just the reason," said Leicester. "Look at him now, he is bored to death, yet see how patiently and good-naturedly he stands it. Now I—" he stopped.

"Well," said Ethel, "what would you do?"

"I don't know," said Leicester, closing his lips. "I wish all the bores in the world were in one sack tottering on the edge of Mont Blanc."

"Why?" said Ethel.

"Because I'd climb up and push it over," said Leicester, grimly.

Ethel laughed. The song ended, and there were the usual thanks and requests for more.

Violet turned to Ethel and Leicester with a smile.

"Enjoyed it, did you?" she said, echoing his words. "How can you say so? I heard you talking the whole while!"

"Yes," said Fitz, who was radiant and eager to sing another in the same company, "it was too bad, and there's no escaping Mr. Leicester's voice."

"Thank you," said Leicester. "No one would wish to escape yours. Sing another, pray."

"Do you not sing, Mr. Leicester?" said Lady Lackland. "No? Mrs. Dodson perhaps. Ethel, if Miss Mildmay is too hot, will you sing?"

Ethel rose obediently, and Leicester, as in duty bound, led her to the piano.

So by clever manoeuvring the countess had secured another ten minutes of happiness for Lord Fitz.

He availed himself of it in his simple way, and as Violet was not in love with Mr. Leicester as yet, and really liked good, simple-minded Fitz, she was interested in his stories about his dogs and his horses, and laughed at his jokes.

Leicester looked over his shoulder at her, and smiled cynically.

"She is like the rest," he thought, "the best and most unsophisticated of them cannot resist a lord."

Ethel's voice was not so flexible as Violet's, but it was stronger and better trained.

Bertie, still in the clutches of the captain, drank in every note as a thirsty horse absorbs the water at the mill, and forgot to reply to the captain's questions or even listen to his smooth, soft voice.

The song ended, Leicester stayed a little while at the piano, and then, after talking a few moments with Lady Lackland, strode back to Violet.

But Lord Fitz seemed to have taken possession of her, and Leicester sank back on the lounge in profound silence.

At last Mrs. Dodson dropped her fan. Fitz sprang across the room to pick it up, and Leicester regained his seat.

"It is very warm," said Violet.

"Come on to the terrace," said Leicester, with great coolness; "Lady Ethel is going, I think. Yes, there is Captain Murpoint opening the door."

Violet put her hand upon his arm, and Leicester took her out.

"How beautiful!" she said. "I wish all the nights were moonlight."

"And all the months July," said Leicester.

"No, no," said Violet, "I am not so foolish. Winter is very beautiful, so is autumn, and so is spring, they are all beautiful in their turn, and one would get tired of them all if they never gave place to each other. Ice cream is very nice, but it would grow monotonous if one had it every day," she added as she took an ice from a footman.

"We cannot see the moonlight here, it is rained and marred by the light from the room. Let us move a few feet lower down."

Violet allowed him to take her out of the glare of the room, and he held her ice while she ate it with a grim, cool, statuesque politeness which half-amused her.

"We cannot see the sea," she said. "We have the advantage over the Lacklands, the only one I expect, for they are mighty people, are they not?"

"Very," said Leicester, coolly. "With one disadvantage."

"Pray what is that?" said Violet.

"That the great age of the blood has turned the heads of the family to stone."

"Oh, how can you say so?" said Violet. "Lady Lackland seems quite kind."

"The moon appears quite near," said Leicester, significantly. "But don't let us quarrel over Lady Lackland's temperature: I was going to ask you if you would persuade Mrs. Mildmay to try a little yachting."

Violet looked up at him gratefully.

"Have you remembered?" she said. "I thought you would have forgotten."

"Forgotten!" he said, significantly. "Do you think I should forget anything of which you had spoken?"

Violet looked at him innocently.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I often forget things people have said. But I did not forget about the yacht, and I should like to come very much, for I suppose you mean me to come with auntie?"

Leicester was about to reply when a smooth voice, the low, hateful one of Captain Murpoint, said behind them:

"Miss Mildmay, I am the reluctant censor. This night air is dangerous after a warm room, and your aunt has commissioned me to break into a pleasant tête-à-tête and carry you from the probability of cold."

Violet smiled, and was about to put her hand upon his arm, but Leicester, whose face had set with that hard, cold look which some of his friends had seen when he was about to punish insolence or was suppressing his feelings by a great effort, took her hand and laid it on his own arm.

"Allow me to take you to Mrs. Mildmay and offer my excuses, Miss Mildmay," he said.

And as he passed the captain he looked him full in the face with the cold, icy stare.

The captain met the look of contemptuous suspicion and defiance with the sweetest smile, which lingered upon his face until the pair had quite passed, then it deepened to a grin, and the wreathed lips muttered:

"Soh! Now comes the tug of war. My lord the grand duke, King Leicester means fighting. So be it. Howard, my boy, you have had a nice little rest, now set to work!"

(To be continued.)

Two new buildings are about to be added to London, the first a club-house for foreigners in Hanover Square, on the site of the well-known concert room; the other the offices of the Royal Literary Society, in Panton Street, Trafalgar Square.

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36 Victoria, chap. 78, declares it illegal to kill, wound, take, or expose for sale certain wild birds named in the schedule between the 15th of March and the 1st of August, but this Act is rendered almost inoperative, and powers of the police and the public are set at defiance by bird-catchers, owing to the omission of the names of certain song-birds from the list. It is remarkable that plover, pewit, and lapwing, which are one and the same kind of bird, are named separately, as, also, wild duck and mallard, which are of the same tribe. Rooks, jackdaws, crows, magpies, jays, house-sparrows, starlings, and wood-pigeons are without protection, and four tribes of our best summer song-birds—namely, the blackbird, thrush, linnet, and skylark—are not mentioned in the list for preservation. On account of this omission professional bird-catchers pursue their calling with impunity. There are eighty birds named under the Act for protection, but the exclusion of some of our merriest feathered songsters affords the bird-catchers ample scope to rob the fields and gardens of their most cheerful song-birds, and unless the Act is amended the efforts to protect British song-birds during the close season must prove futile.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

WHAT bewildering spell, with its glamour,
Has entranced the sweet maiden at last,
So busily, busily stitching,
While youth and its pleasures flit past?

Do you think, if you ask, she will tell you?
Ah! the rose-tints will deepen, the while
She naively arches her shoulders,
And answers you but with a smile.

For the raiment she daintily fashions
Is to deck the fair form of a bride,
When soon, in her maidenly beauty,
She shall stand the proud bridegroom beside.

She seems but a fragment of cloud-land,
'Mid that billowy net-work of lace;
And you almost expect the bright vision
To arise and float off into space!

Oh! the hope, and the trust, and the gladness,
That she stitches in flounce and in frill!
While the joys are like bees in bright clover,
Sipping sweets that but honey distil.

She stitches in thoughts of a kingdom,
Where she shall reign queen o'er one heart;
And she trills to herself—oh! so softly!—
The sweet bridal words, "Till death part."

She 'broiders the beautiful bodice
With lilies as pure as her life,
And trails o'er the wonderful fabric
The blooms with which dream-land is rife.

The crown her deft fingers are weaving
Is an orange-wreath bright for a day;
But the crown that her loving heart craveth
Is Love's garland, and fadeless for aye.

Keep stitching, oh, dream-haunted maidens!
Build castles as long as ye may!
For sweet bridal roses and raiments
Weeping wives have laid sadly away.

L. S. U.

THE offer of Mr. Streeter to place 25*l.* at the disposal of the Society of Arts for the best essay on ball-marking of jewellery not having produced one out of seventeen sent in for competition, of a sufficiently comprehensive character to justify the committee in selecting any one for the prize, the council have, with the assent of Mr. Streeter, renewed the offer of the prize. Essays cannot be received after the 1st of June, 1875.

THE FRENCH COMPANY AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.—The new play given by the French company at the Opéra Comique in the Strand turns chiefly on the fabulous wealth of an American named Gladstator, and the resolve of an enterprising French grisette to marry him. An introduction is effected at the Jardin des Plantes, where the millionaire comes daily to feed an elephant which he has presented to that institution. Unfortunately the elephant puts his trunk upon her head and carries away her bonnet and some of her magnificent hair. However, Mr. Gladstator falls in love with the lady; learns by a bribe of 5,000 francs that she will be at the theatre that night; hires by the hour all the cabs on the neighbouring stand in order that she may feel compelled to avail herself of his carriage. To conciliate her uncle he gives him his watch and chain when he asks the time. He buys an umbrella for a 1,000 francs to save the lady's bonnet from the rain, and gives 3,000 francs for a bystander's coat that she may stand on it, and that her feet may not get wet. A good deal of fun is got out of these and other wild incidents.



[WEARY HOURS.]

WINIFRED WYNNE;
OR,
THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Iron Coronet," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Shall I be left abandoned to the dust
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower survive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet revive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again.

THE young men gazed at each other with somewhat differing though perhaps in a degree kinder feelings as the beautiful plebeian girl vanished thus abruptly. Clarence had a decidedly troubled and restless air mingled with his affected scorn at the whole occurrence.

And Cecil's light sarcasm was only a thin veil to a degree of annoyance and surprise he would scarcely have confessed even to himself. Still he was the first to speak.

"Very unfortunate, Seymour, I confess, but it was not from any intention of mine. I had very different ideas of you and of her also, for that matter. I certainly should not have looked for such a good understanding between you. Pity I disturbed the pleasant interchange of sweets," he continued, bitterly.

Yes, though he could not have explained the cause, Cecil felt absolutely injured by the discovery he presumed that he had made.

Lord Clarence was roused by the supercilious tone.

"So far as I was concerned the incident was rather perplexing than otherwise," he returned, carelessly. "Except as a possible nuisance to oneself in after days such a volunteered service is hardly to be understood."

"I don't understand you, Seymour, that's quite certain," replied Cecil, raising his eyebrows in rather unflattering scepticism. "What service can the little goldsmith's daughter render to you, or to me, except in the doubtful offer of herself and her dower? And that is rather overwhelming, like the shields of the Roman heroes when flung at one broadcast," he continued, with a light laugh.

"Oh, there was nothing so alarming in Mistress Winifred's visit," returned Clarence, "and, to do her scant justice, I will tell you, Vernon, that it savoured more of hate than love. To say truth," he continued, after an effort, "the chief interpretation I can draw

from it is that some insane alarm is on foot as to our amiable little relations with our friends over the water, Cecil, and that we do not wish even to imagine in a dream. Nothing like blank innocence, you see."

Cecil shook his head.

"I am more in earnest than you are, Seymour. I honour from my heart my boy sovereign and his fair mother. I do not relish turning their claims into ridicule or contempt."

"Nor do I, good friend," said Clarence, more kindly; "but still I am not prepared to hold them as the very essentials of my life. I would risk much—I have risked more than you guess—for Mary of Modena and her son. I will do all that an honourable and true man should for their cause. But I shall not be foolish enough to sacrifice myself for a falling, hopeless family without any prospect of success."

"See what it is to be heir to a noble land-roll, and a high-sounding title," said Vernon, lightly. "I am far less careful of my head and my heirlooms."

"You forget my brother is still living. He may keep me from the succession for many a long year, even if I should survive him," laughed Clarence, constrainedly. "In any case I should stand better with the family I had served well than the good-natured idiot that is placed on the throne."

"Saints and angels! what treason! After that I can believe aught that is mad and reckless of you—even to marrying the goldsmith's daughter," laughed Cecil, affectedly.

There was no mistaking the joyless constraint of his assumed gaiety.

"Heaven forbid!" returned Clarence, lifting up his hands. "I must be indeed in evil case for life and limb that could induce such degrading folly. But, Cecil," he continued, suddenly shaking off the dreary oppression that had hung over him, "do you know I am intending a rash step that may colour my whole life in its consequences?"

"Then it must be marriage," exclaimed Cecil, gaily.

"Nothing else deserves so grave an announcement."

"Scarcely; at any rate that would be a very secondary consideration," returned the young man, lightly. "I am going over—only do not even whisper it to the birds—to—France."

"To St. Germain?" exclaimed Cecil, in unrestrained surprise. "Then something is in the winds and waves. I half thought this, but had no sure information."

"Perhaps there are chateaus on Espagne as well as in France," said Clarence. "And we are bound to have care of our friends as well as save ourselves

from our foes. Harkye, Cecil; you may be able to do good service whatever betide. You have the ear of Lady Churchill, and she has the ear of the queen. If I should get into a confounded scrape, old fellow, will you stand my friend?" he asked, with sudden seriousness that at once awakened Cecil's surprise.

"Seymour," what is all this? Surely you are not in a strait with that girl? Her presence here boded no good," he exclaimed, suddenly starting from his nonchalant position.

"Perhaps ay, perhaps no," returned the young man, evasively. "Anyway, Cecil, I am on the eve of a catastrophe that may land me in something the reverse of the picture you drew of my prospects just now. And once more I demand—am I to look for your good help and friendship in such a fall from the heights?" he went on, in a half-jesting tone.

"Better keep your legs, Seymour," returned his friend. "It is easier to keep a man steady than help him up when he is prostrate. But what poor aid I can give you may count upon—save in very extreme circumstances," he added, rather more cautiously than perhaps comported with Clarence's more vivid temper.

"I understand, and I thank you accordingly," he said, haughtily. "Fear nothing, Sir Cecil, I am not one to drag my friends after me in my fall. And, as I said before, the safest thing I can do for you is to keep you in ignorance of my plan and purposes, even as may concern Mistress Winifred," he went on, musingly. "Now, as my time is pressing, we will pass on to other things: you have some object in your visit to me I dare aver, what is it, Vernon?"

"Oh, merely a message from the Lady Lisle to tell you she expects you to attend a grand dance and dinner she will hold on Friday next. It is the last she will give before they will again leave London till her husband joins her, as she expects, some few months hence."

It was on Clarence Seymour's lips to refuse at the instant, and give thus a clue to his intended movements.

But the next moment brought different ideas.

"I presume you are appointed Secretary and Master of the Ceremonies to her ladyship; is it so, Vernon, that you take such duties on yourself? Well, the daughter is not to be despised as to looks, for the rest all depends on tastes and convenience. Convey my respectful thanks to the Lady Lisle, and unless absolutely forced by duty to play false to my promise, I shall present myself at her shrine on the proposed evening. Commend me to the fair Viola for my share of her smiles and sarabands."

"You are in a strange humour, Seymour," said

Then the captain went up to Bertie and in his pleasantest manner said:

"Mr. Fairfax, there is a sketch here you ought to see. I have never seen such colour and tint in so simple an effect."

Bertie looked up at him as if he could have pitched him out of the window, but he rose and with as good a grace as he could assume went with the artistic captain to inspect the sketch.

Leicester and Ethel were left alone, and they fell to talking of Violet.

"I am so glad that Miss Mildmay and I are friends," she said. "How beautifully she sings! Fitz's voice never sounded so much advantage."

"No," said Leicester, who didn't care about Fitz's voice, but was ready to talk of Violet. "So you and Miss Mildmay are good friends, Lady Ethel?" he said.

"Yes, very," said Ethel, with her usual calm smile; "we have been comparing note-books and find that they disagree just enough for us to love each other without fear of quarrelling or monotony."

"That is delightful," said Leicester.

"And we have been planning so many walks and drives together."

"That is cruel; for of course you will exclude the rest of the world?"

"Of course," said Ethel. "And when we go up to town Miss Mildmay has promised to accompany us if she can. That will be nicer still, for, strange as it may sound, I have no real friend in London, though I meet so many who bear the name."

"I understand that," said Leicester. "I am more fortunate than you. I have one, the best and dearest fellow that ever lived," and with a flash of his eyes he looked at Bertie, who was listening with down-cast, patient face to the captain.

Ethel looked too, and smiled.

"I have heard that you were great friends. And yet you seem so different."

"That is just the reason," said Leicester. "Look at him now, he is bored to death, yet see how patiently and good-naturedly he stands it. Now I——" he stopped.

"Well," said Ethel, "what would you do?"

"I don't know," said Leicester, closing his lips. "I wish all the horses in the world were in one sack tottering on the edge of Mont Blanc."

"Why?" said Ethel.

"Because I'd climb up and push it over," said Leicester, grimly.

Ethel laughed. The song ended, and there were the usual thanks and requests for more.

Violet turned to Ethel and Leicester with a smile. "Enjoyed it, did you?" she said, echoing his words. "How can you say so? I heard you talking the whole while!"

"Yes," said Fitz, who was radiant and eager to sing another in the same company, "it was too bad, and there's no escaping Mr. Leicester's voice."

"Thank you," said Leicester. "No one would wish to escape yours. Sing another, pray."

"Do you not sing, Mr. Leicester?" said Lady Lackland. "No? Mrs. Dodson perhaps. Ethel, if Miss Mildmay is too hot, will you sing?"

Ethel rose obediently, and Leicester, as in duty bound, led her to the piano.

So by clever manœuvring the countess had secured another ten minutes of happiness for Lord Fitz.

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"Come on to the terrace," said Leicester, with great coolness; "Lady Ethel is going, I think. Yes, there is Captain Murpoint opening the door."

Violet put her hand upon his arm, and Leicester took her out.

"How beautiful!" she said. "I wish all the nights were moonlight."

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"Have you remembered?" she said. "I thought you would have forgotten."

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L. S. U.

THE offer of Mr. Stroeter to place 25*l.* at the disposal of the Society of Arts for the best essay on hall-marking of jewellery not having produced one out of seventeen sent in for competition, of a sufficiently comprehensive character to justify the committee in selecting any one for the prize, the council have, with the assent of Mr. Stroeter, renewed the offer of the prize. Essays cannot be received after the 1st of June, 1875.

THE FRENCH COMPANY AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.—The new play given by the French company at the Opera Comique in the Strand turns chiefly on the fabulous wealth of an American named Gladiator, and the resolve of an enterprising French gentleman to marry him. An introduction is effected at the Jardin des Plantes, where the millionaire comes daily to feed an elephant which he has presented to that institution. Unfortunately the elephant puts his trunk upon her head and carries away her bonnet and some of her magnificent hair. However, Mr. Gladiator falls in love with the lady; learns by a bribe of 5,000 francs that she will be at the theatre that night; hires by the hour all the cabs on the neighbouring stand in order that she may feel compelled to avail herself of his carriage. To conciliate her uncle he gives him his watch and chain when he asks the time. He buys an umbrella for a 1,000 francs to save the lady's bonnet from the rain, and gives 3,000 francs for a bystander's coat that she may stand on it, and that her feet may not get wet. A good deal of fun is got out of these and other wild incidents.



[WEARY HOURS.]

WINIFRED WYNNE; ON THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Two Coronets," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Shall I be left abandoned to the dust
When Fate, relenting, lets the dower survive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to
live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet revive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again.

THE young men gazed at each other with some-
what differing though perhaps in a degree kindred
feelings as the beautiful plebeian girl vanished thus
abruptly. Clarence had a decidedly troubled and
resentful air mingled with his affected scorn at the
whole occurrence.

And Cecil's light sarcasm was only a thin veil to
a degree of annoyance and surprise he would scarcely
have confessed even to himself. Still he was the
first to speak.

"Very unfortunate, Seymour, I confess, but it was
not from any intention of mine. I had very different
ideas of you and of her also, for that matter. I
certainly should not have looked for such a good
understanding between you. Pity I disturbed the pleas-
ant interchange of sweets," he continued, bitterly.

Yes, though he could not have explained the cause,
Cecil felt absolutely injured by the discovery he
presumed that he had made.

Lord Clarence was roused by the supercilious tone.
"So far as I was concerned the incident was rather
perplexing than otherwise," he returned, carelessly.
"Except as a possible nuisance to oneself in after days
such a volunteered service is hardly to be under-
stood."

"I don't understand you, Seymour, that's quite
certain," replied Cecil, raising his eyebrows in rather
unflattering scepticism. "What service can the
little goldsmith's daughter render to you, or to me,
except in the doubtful offer of herself and her dower?
And that is rather overwhelming, like the shields of
the Roman heiress when flung at one broadcast,"
he continued, with a light laugh.

"Oh, there was nothing so alarming in Mistress
Winifred's visit," returned Clarence, "and, to do her
scarce justice, I will tell you, Vernon, that it savoured
more of hate than love. To say truth," he continued,
after an effort, "the chief interpretation I can draw

from it is that some insane alarm is on foot as to
our amiable little relations with our friends over the
water, Cecil, and that we do not wish even to
imagine in a dream. Nothing like blank innocence,
you see."

Cecil shook his head.

"I am more in earnest than you are, Seymour. I
honour from my heart my boy sovereign and his fair
mother. I do not relish turning their claims into
ridicule or contempt."

"Nor do I, good friend," said Clarence, more
kindly; "but still I am not prepared to hold them
as the very essentials of my life. I would risk much
—I have risked more than you guess—for Mary of
Modena and her son. I will do all that an honour-
able and true man should for their cause. But I
shall not be foolish enough to sacrifice myself for a
failing, hopeless family without any prospect of
success."

"See what it is to be heir to a noble land-roll, and
a high-sounding title," said Vernon, lightly. "I am
far less careful of my head and my heirlooms."

"You forget my brother is still living. He may
keep me from the succession for many a long year,
even if I should survive him," laughed Clarence,
constrainedly. "In any case I should stand better
with the family I had served well than the good-
natured idiot that is placed on the throne."

"Saints and angels! what treason! After that I
can believe aught that is mad and reckless of you—
even to marrying the goldsmith's daughter," laughed
Cecil, affectedly.

There was no mistaking the joyless constraint of
his assumed gaiety.

"Heaven forbid!" returned Clarence, lifting up
his hands. "I must be indeed in evil case for life
and limb that could induce such degrading folly.
But, Cecil," he continued, suddenly shaking off the
dreary oppression that had hung over him, "do you
know I am intending a rash step that may colour
my whole life in its consequences?"

"Then it must be marriage," exclaimed Cecil, gaily.

"Nothing else deserves so grave an announcement."

"Scarcely; at any rate that would be a very
secondary consideration," returned the young man,
lightly. "I am going over—only do not even whis-
per it to the birds—to—France."

"To St. Germain?" exclaimed Cecil, in unrestrained
surprise. "Then something is in the winds and
waves. I half thought this, but had no sure infor-
mation."

"Perhaps there are chateaus on Espagne as well as
in France," said Clarence. "And we are bound to
have care of our friends as well as save ourselves

from our foes. Harkye, Cecil; you may be able to do
good service whatever betide. You have the ear of
Lady Churchill, and she has the ear of the queen. If
I should get into a confounded scrape, old fellow,
will you stand my friend?" he asked, with sudden
seriousness that at once awakened Cecil's surprise.

"Seymour," what is all this? Surely you are not in
a strait with that girl? Her presence here boded no
good," he exclaimed, suddenly starting from his
nonchalant position.

"Perhaps ay, perhaps no," returned the young
man, evasively. "Anyway, Cecil, I am on the eve of
a catastrophe that may land me in something the
reverse of the picture you drew of my prospects just
now. And once more I demand—am I to look
for your good help and friendship in such a fall
from the heights?" he went on, in a half-jesting tone.

"Better keep your legs, Seymour," returned his
friend. "It is easier to keep a man steady than
help him up when he is prostrate. But what poor
aid I can give you may count upon—save in very
extreme circumstances," he added, rather more
cautiously than perhaps comported with Clarence's
more vivid temper.

"I understand, and I thank you accordingly," he
said, haughtily. "Fear nothing, Sir Cecil, I am not
one to drag my friends after me in my fall. And,
as I said before, the safest thing I can do for you
is to keep you in ignorance of my plan and purposes,
even as may concern Mistress Winifred," he went
on, musingly. "Now, as my time is pressing, we
will pass on to other things; you have some object
in your visit to me I dare aver, what is it, Vernon?"

"Oh, merely a message from the Lady Lisle to tell
you she expects you to attend a grand dance and
dinner she will hold on Friday next. It is the last
she will give before they will again leave London till
her husband joins her, as she expects, some few
months hence."

It was on Clarence Seymour's lips to refuse at the
instant, and give thus a clue to his intended move-
ments.

But the next moment brought different ideas.

"I presume you are appointed Secretary and
Master of the Ceremonies to her ladyship; is it so,
Vernon, that you take such duties on yourself? Well,
the daughter is not to be despised as to looks,
for the rest all depends on tastes and convenience.
Convey my respectful thanks to the Lady Lisle, and
unless absolutely forced by duty to play false to my
promise, I shall present myself at her shrine on the
proposed evening. Commend me to the fair Viola for
my share of her smiles and sarabands."

"You are in a strange humour, Seymour," said

Cecil. "What can induce you to talk in that grim fashion? Methinks you had better keep your tongue silent on such matters after what I have seen this day. However, I shall give your message to the Lady Lisle, and leave it to her good pleasure as to the rest. Adieu."

And with a cold nod of the head, that spoke plainly enough that Clarence Seymour had made another enemy in his infatuation, the young baronet left the apartments.

Clarence scarcely heeded his departure. His brain was busy on more important matters, such as rather made solitude a relief.

"Merciful Providences!" he exclaimed, as the full purport of Winifred's visit flashed over his mind. "What is it that hangs over me? I was dazed—and not to question her more closely. Yet perhaps she was but a spy or a tool to drag me into danger and disgrace. Flight! Yes, perhaps I may comply in the letter, but not the spirit. It will suit me to leave this country soon enough, but not yet. I will not be driven away by the blind fears or the mysterious warnings of a hybrid girl, whose birth and training have been fairly at variance. And for this gathering at Lady Lisle's? Shall I be present? Shall I silence Vernon's taunts by sneaking away from him the prize he is so proud of gaining? It were rare sport after all. Violets are pretty enough, but not to be compared to my aristocratic Sybil—and, if truth be spoken, the goldsmith's daughter would distance them both, were she fairly in the race," he muttered, half-unconsciously. "There is wonderful charm in that girl, and yet I almost hate her for the spell she has power to cast over me."

And Lord Clarence fell into a deep fit of thought, the result of which might be imagined from the few words that escaped him when he at last roused himself from the abstraction.

"I will dare all. It is impossible that I can be suspected, still less that anything can be proved against me. Yes, it were simple cowardice to fly—at least not now, not yet."

And then he shook off his depression and once more returned to the employment Winifred's visit had interrupted.

Poor girl! was all she had risked to be in vain? She little guessed that what cost her so dearly could be appreciated so lightly by him for whom the effort was made.

But "women will weep and work" for those they love till the end of time, even as they have done it from the beginning of the world.

Cecil Vernon turned angrily from the house which he had entered with such gay and careless intent.

There were many elements in his constitution that fanned his passion and turned his merely passing resentment to bitterness and gall.

It was not merely that Clarence Seymour had refused to give his confidence, and taunted him, as he fancied, with the lightness and variability of his own temper; that he had cast an implied sarcasm on the enviable prize he had, he presumed, fairly won—but he had actually triumphed in the love and devotion which Winifred's strange escapade had betrayed.

Ah! the day had been when he had dreamed of eluding the dangers of a mésalliance for her sake.

He had fancied that it rested with himself to win her heart and hand, and his kinswoman, the Lady Churchill, had vaguely hinted her own possible approval of the suit.

But when the goldsmith had claimed his daughter to his city home, and the illusion that had been cast round her by rank and wealth was destroyed, Viola Lisle's brilliant beauty and coquettish charm had lured him from such alliance.

Winifred Wynne could be nothing to him now. And yet it galled him that another should possess what had once been within his grasp, and then cast away.

It never occurred to him that the girl herself could have made her election unbiased. It never formed part of his schemes or regrets that a heart which he had once held as it were trembling in the balance might have freed itself from his toils and sprung as to a magnet where more congenial sympathies attracted.

Cecil Vernon, like others of his age and sex and position, simply ignored the possibility of such unflattering contingencies, and blamed his own negligence or the arts of others as the cause of his failure.

"Surely Lady Churchill would not countenance such bold forwardness," he thought, as he walked rapidly from Whitehall to the park. "It would be but kindness and duty to warn her of the peril of her young ward. She seemed even to consider her as her charge and to watch her with almost maternal pride. It were no breach of trust, for Seymour was proud and reserved as a minister of state when we

spoke of her. If he can't confide in me as a friend he may chance to find I can be an enemy—or at the best a very doubtful neutral, free to go and come and act at my pleasure. Yet I think I may favour my kinswoman with a hint that her ward is hardly doing her credit, and then leave it in her hands to act as she may think fit. She's not one not to be trusted in the matter least she should go hand over head in the meshes."

And Cecil Vernon took his way to the mansion of his kinsman and Winifred Wynne's early friend with a hasty and determined step.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Oh, mercy! Mistress Winifred! thank goodness you are come!" gasped Dorcas, as the young girl well nigh staggered into her chamber by agitation and terror far more than actual fatigue.

"What is it, dear Dorcas? Have I been missed? Has my father asked for me?" she faltered, with desperate anxiety to know the worst, and as she spoke Winifred hastily began to strip off her disguising apparel.

"Why, no, dear young lady. He's not likely to miss you, nor ask for you neither," said Dorcas, in a waiting tone. "But he's wanting you all the same, and it may be that he'll know you when you speak to him. But to my thinking, he's very bad, and I got Mark to go for the doctor not half an hour since. He's not yet returned, and so no one can tell that you've been away, Mistress Winifred."

The girl had gazed for a few seconds on the speaker with blank dismay.

Then she suddenly tore off the dress and head she had worn, and, seizing some of her own garments which she had but recently placed in their receptacles, she completed her brief toilette in an almost incredibly short space of time.

"Is he insensible, then?" she asked, in a hollow tone, as she prepared to leave the room.

"Why! dear mistress, you must not go with that face, and your limbs all trembling," said Dorcas, remonstratingly. "You must taste some food and wine, then you will be better fit to bear it, poor dear. There, sit down, and I'll be back before you can count ten."

Winifred was, perhaps physically unable to resist the kindly command, and during the short period of the woman's absence she offered up one of those short but fervent prayers for help that are never disregarded by Heaven.

In silence did she receive the wine and biscuit offered her by the sympathizing Dorcas, and swallowed it perforce as a preparation for the ordeal she must encounter.

Then, with the same calm absence of violent emotion, she rose once more and walked firmly from the room across the short flights of steps that conducted to her father's chamber.

She stood for a moment with her hand on the lock, then she calmly turned it and entered the apartment where her father lay.

No terrible spectacle awaited her in the motionless, dreamy figure on the couch. And yet there was something awe-inspiring in that semblance of death.

Gervase Wynne scarcely seemed to have moved since she had seen him last, only two brief hours before.

Yet there was a change in his aspect and his very attitude as he lay.

There was a pallor fast coming over his face, his limbs moved restlessly from time to time, though his eyes were closed.

And Winifred felt certain that words, however indistinct, were being pronounced in that feeble half-unconsciousness of the sufferer.

She knelt by his side and took his hand in hers.

"Father, dear father!" she said, sadly.

There was no reply, save that she fancied a calmer stillness ensued for a few moments.

"Dearest father, do you not know your child—your Winifred? Will you not speak to her? You will break my heart!" she sobbed, her gushing tears bedewing his hand that she had taken in hers.

The voice or the touch appeared to rouse him. His eyes opened feebly, and he tried to turn his head towards the pleading girl.

"Winifred," he murmured, faintly, "is it you?"

"Yes, yes, my father, I am here. I will not leave you again; I knew not that you needed me, but I will stay now till—till you send me away," she added, her lips refusing to speak the words that first rose to her tongue, implying the terror of her young heart.

"Yes, yes; good!" came indistinctly from Gervase Wynne's pale lips.

His hand feebly grasped hers, and he evidently clung to her presence, her sight, her touch. But then he relapsed into his former state of semi-unconsciousness, and the girl could but chafe his hand

and bathe his pale temples, and then sit in breathless expectation of the arrival of the physician.

There were steps at last.

She heard the door open and some one ascend the stairs, and she gently dragged her hand from the sick man's and flew to the door to meet the arbiter of his fate.

But instead of the grave and welcome visitor she had hoped to see the hateful face and figure of Adrian Meister met her view.

"My father is very ill—in need of quiet," she said, standing in the threshold to arrest his entrance. "I am expecting the doctor. Be so good as to retire for the present, Master Adrian."

He shook his head, with a bland smile.

"Pardon me, sweet Winifred, that is all the more reason I should enter. Your father has ever treated me as a son. He has even now entrusted to me important business that I must seize the first opportunity to communicate to him. And, besides," he pleaded, as she still stood firm and determined before him, "it is surely fitting for me to share your watch and your grief. Let me come in."

He did not wait for a response, but gently, though with an irresistible force, he put her slight form aside and advanced into the room.

Winifred literally shuddered as if some evil spirit had invaded the sick chamber, and she hurried to the side of the couch as if to protect her father from his influence.

The voice or strange step awakened the sufferer from his apathy, and this time apparently more decidedly than before.

"Who is it? who goes there, Winny?" he said as the new comer somewhat concealed himself for the moment.

"It is Master Meister. Surely you will bid him go. Let me stay with you alone, dear father," she said, coaxingly.

Gervase hesitated.

Perhaps his reply might have been different had he been left to his daughter's influence and prayer. But in a second the wily tempter was at his side.

"Nay, my honored father, you will allow me to remain with your other child, my promised wife," he said, in kind but commanding tones. "I shall surely be better able to support her and you in the present trial."

"Yes, yes, you will take care, you know my wishes, you will not betray them, boy," murmured Gervase, with evident effort to seem stronger than his power. "Poor child, poor Winifred! she will be safe and happy."

"Yes, yes, I will guard her as my very heart's treasure," returned the young man, in a well-satisfied tone, that had more art than nature in it.

Winifred's lips moved to speak; her eyes were flashing angry resentment on the imperturbable and hated favourite of her suffering father. And only the terror of exciting the invalid to some fatal agitation restrained her eager protest against this cruel compact.

Fortunately the trial of her patience was shortened. In another moment Dorcas and the man of medicine appeared, and all was necessarily hushed in the apartment.

It was an interval of terrible suspense while the doctor examined his patient with as minute an investigation as his helpless state permitted.

Winifred read his face eagerly as if her young inexperience could decipher his real sentiments when he turned from the couch.

"Is he very ill? Will he recover?" she said, softly.

"He is very ill and with a singular mingling of symptoms," replied the physician, gravely. "There seems to have been a complete shock and stagnation of the whole system, as if he had been clogged by some heavy sedative and been seized by some overpowering agitation when yet unable to bear it. That is my impression, Mistress Winifred Wynne," he added, formally; "and, in any case, we must attempt to rouse him from this stupor. When that is accomplished it will be seen what is the result. Either he will gradually recover or some other symptoms may occur. Still, there is nothing else to be done. It must be risked."

And the doctor bade the young daughter a formal but kindly farewell, promising to send the drugs and to return in a few hours to see the result.

Winifred's whole bearing seemed altered by this brief visit and the crisis it announced, and when Adrian approached her after he had attended the physician to the door of the house he was fairly daunted by the cold, firm dignity of her manner, in which all trace of agitation or anger had vanished.

"You heard, Master Adrian," she said. "It is my pleasure to remain with my father during the operation of these drugs, alone and in quiet. It is a reasonable request—his only chance for life—and you dare not refuse to obey the bidding of the daughter of the sufferer, the mistress of this house and leave the sick chamber in peace."

Adrian quailed rather under the expressive eyes that spoke volumes of distrust and despair, the attitude that recoiled from his very contact, than the actual words.

"I will certainly leave you to your watch, sweet Winifred," he said, more respectfully than he had yet spoken. "But I cannot leave the house while you are in grief and anxiety and my honoured friend in peril. I shall wait below; a sound will not escape me, and in an instant I can be at your side to aid you in emergency," he went on, significantly. "That, surely, cannot be complained of by you, or any who heard it."

He walked from the room as he spoke, and the girl felt but too well that the spell he had cast over her could not be broken, and that in spite of all her efforts it would need an effort more brave and desperate than she had as yet had courage to make ere her detested suitor would be shaken off and his mingled love and hate and imperious tyranny defeated despite their skillful and unscrupulous tactics.

But it was no time for thoughts like these. Her father's safety claimed her first care. She had a vague feeling as if she was in some measure responsible for his present danger, though by what process of reasoning such self-reproach could be merited was difficult to imagine. If he were but well, in his former state of vigour, Winifred fancied that she could plead as she had never pleaded before, and gain courage to persist in her resolve never to be Adrian Meister's wife. Poor girl, these hopes were but visions.

The weary hours went on.

The medicine had arrived and been administered with some difficulty by the anxious girl.

And then Winifred sat down in silent waiting to watch for the result.

It was worse than the noiseless suspense where slumber is to bring life or death to the watcher, it was now for her to look for and encourage the re-animation of the bodily and mental powers and the passing away of the strange stupor which overpowered the sufferer.

It was fearful to see the struggle as it were between the malady and the powerful remedy that had been administered, and many more experienced and brave than the young Winifred might well have shrunk from the ordeal alone and unprotected.

But she saved every energy for the duty. She cast herself into the present crisis, dismissing all thought of self or personal considerations till her father's strait was passed.

She sat by his pillow holding his hand, ever and anon speaking words of cheering, reviving import, and aiding each effort of the sufferer to recall the dulled memories of the past and present.

Gervase's eyes gradually assumed a more intelligent gaze, his head was raised to look around him, his hands moved with more purpose than their former lifeless clench.

And at last a current of returning life, as of galvanised nerves, seemed to run through his veins.

He glanced sharply round.

"Winifred," he said, in a voice of surprising clearness. "My child, are we alone?"

"Yes, yes, dearest father, be at peace. There is only your child. You shall not be disturbed. You shall get well in peace. Only be calm and give yourself time to revive gradually before you exert yourself."

But Gervase retained the same stern will, the same resolute independence in death as he had ever manifested in life.

"Peace, child," he said, sharply, "you know not, poor thing, what you say nor what is at hand. Winifred, listen. I have been harsh, hasty in my commands, and, alas! alas! in my actions. But I am going to meet your mother, and I dare not tell her that her child is unhappy. Nevertheless Adrian—he is my choice, but I—I doubt—and—if you—"

The animating effects of the stimulating draught seemed here to fail.

Gervase sank back in the same stupor, though perhaps scarcely in such hopeless apathy as before, and, according to the doctor's orders, the girl repeated the dose, albeit with a trembling and reluctant hand.

Again there was a pause of anxious silence ere the sufferer spoke again, but though the spark of life once more flashed out in the struggling brain yet there was less physical power in the effort that he made to express his wishes.

"Winifred! Hark! Send at once for Master Fenton, the scrivener, in Cornhill. Haste—bid him come quickly, and let two others be here—not you nor Adrian. Mind, quick."

And he moved his hand quickly and restlessly as if to enforce his commands.

Winifred's heart failed her, but she commanded

herself sufficiently to obey, and with a swift step and calm, clear utterance she fulfilled her errand.

A man was despatched from the busy shop below, and Dorcas followed the girl with an unbidden and still rapidly to the sick chamber.

She guessed but too surely what that hurried order meant.

She felt only too certain that the sufferer was fast approaching his end.

She had seen deathbeds before, and there was that in the look and tone and manner of her sick master that left little doubt in her mind that the crisis was at hand.

The young daughter could not be left helpless and alone, whatever might be her brave and loving wish to meet such an hour, so Dorcas took French leave in her progress up those antique stairs and stole softly into the sick-room.

It was a pardonable intrusion, a fortunate breach of the discipline of that stern rule.

There was a low cry bursting from Winifred's lips as she came once more to the bedside.

"Father, dear father, what is it? Speak to me!" came distinctly on the hushed silence of the chamber.

Dorcas hurried to her side, but only in time to draw her from the spot and to press her fingers on the eyes of the dead.

Gervase Wynne's spirit had passed away in that brief absence of his child.

The mission, whatever was its object, was useless now.

The bolt had fallen and whatever was the pleasure or purpose of the living it was of no avail now.

Whether for good or for evil they must stand good, whether the scrivener would curse or bless him who was gone there was no alternative.

And even in that first moment of grief the stricken daughter knew that there were other griefs and struggles awaiting her in her after life.

CHAPTER XIX.

The inevitable issues of the last doom of earth's children had been taking their usual course in the household of Gervase Wynne.

The funeral preparations had been made in all the decent pomp that is supposed to be the natural claims of those who live respected as men of probity and substance, and who die without forfeiting the name.

Such had been the case with the goldsmith. And as a well-honoured citizen he was borne to his last home in all solemnity of woe. Perhaps the only real mourner was the child whom he had repelled and crushed in her young life's dearest hopes.

Winifred was a desolate orphan now, and her tears fell like showering rain as the final separation from the father she had lost was complete and she remained alone in her childhood's home.

The last testament of the deceased had yet to be read.

Only a very select few of the old grave citizens who had known and respected their confrère were bidden to that ceremony.

Winifred herself shrank from the dreaded knowledge, which was almost foreshadowed to her by her father's last mournful words. But there was no appeal from the tyranny of custom, and still less from the consciousness that it was a duty to herself that the announcement of her future fate should be made in the presence of those whom she believed to be good and trustworthy in their intentions and wishes.

So robed in deep sable, and covered with a long crape veil, she, with Dorcas as an attendant, took her way to the largest sitting-room, where the little circle awaited her.

There was little ceremony observed, as might have been the case in higher circles on such an occasion.

The girl was received with kindly gravity by the staid citizens as she entered, and so soon as she was seated the scrivener, Mr. Fenton, began.

"My honoured patron, Master Gervase Wynne, has left a plain and brief testament," he said; "he was ever a man of well-considered thought and of few words, and he preserved it to the very last. And it will be only a brief exercise of your patience, good friends and patrons, to read his will."

Master Fenton refreshed himself with a cup of wine, and then proceeded:

"This will was made some three years since, after the death of Mistress Wynne, his wife, which necessarily changed his plans and purposes as to his wealth, and it reads as follows:

"I, Gervase Wynne, citizen and goldsmith of the city of London, being in good health in body and mind, do devise and bequeath all I may die possessed of in the following manner. Whereas, my only child Winifred is of tender years, and exposed to various temptations that I need not here recount, I would

fain shield her from danger and hurt by these my dispositions and devices.

"And I do therefore bequeath to her, for her own use and benefit, two-thirds of my property, after legacies mentioned hereafter shall be paid, provided she obeys my wishes and commands by marrying Adrian Meister, son of Jan Meister of Rotterdam, to whom she has long been solemnly promised in wedlock.

"The remaining third of my wealth shall be at the said Adrian Meister's disposal, but the property bequeathed to my daughter shall be untouched in the principal, and be divided at her death between any children of the marriage she may leave.

"Should the said Winifred Wynne, my only child, refuse to carry out my commands, of which she has long been cognizant, I revoke all my bequest to her, and only bequeath to her a hundred pounds, as a means of keeping her from starving till she can earn a livelihood as she best may.

"The amount bequeathed to Adrian Meister shall still be his, and the remainder shall remain in trust for two years, and afterwards disposed of as shall be directed by a paper in the hands of my good and trusted friend and executor, Timothy Jenkins, woolstapler, who will leave it unopened till the expiration of that time, and then carry out the provisions thereof."

The will went on to make some small bequests to friends and servants, and then concluded by the final proviso that the space of one month after his death was to be given to his daughter Winifred to signify her assent, and that it was his desire that six months should suffice for mourning, and that he should wish the wedding of his child not to be delayed longer than that space of time.

Such was the testament of the deceased goldsmith and the fate assigned to Winifred Wynne.

Perhaps she was not altogether so stunned by the blow as if the last words of her father had not in a manner prepared her for some such arrangement and softened the peremptory character of the command.

She knew full well that Gervase Wynne's impulses had been regret for the blind and relentless tyranny.

And it was no less suspected by her that he conceived some suspicious doubts of the real character and honour of him to whom he so obstinately confided her wealth and safety and happiness.

All eyes were turned on her at the conclusion of the reading.

Some perhaps expected to see maiden blushes, others despairing resistance, and a few the mute, passive compliance of a young and inexperienced girl with a parent's behests.

They were all deceived in their expectations. Winifred maintained a calm, unfettered aspect, that certainly did not partake either of confusion and blushes or helpless compliance, nor determined yet agonized resistance. She bowed her head with a gentle dignity as Mr. Fenton turned appealingly to her at the close of the duty, and rose to leave the room without signifying by word or look her purpose, till Master Timothy Jenkins, the executor of her father's will, ventured to arrest her departure.

"Stay one instant, sweet Mistress Winny," he said, with paternal kindness in his tone and gesture. "I would not force a young maiden to any public declaration in such a matter, but as my good friend who is gone—rest his soul!—has implied that a betrothal already exists between you and Master Meister there it would be only a suitable satisfaction to him and me if you tell me that you consider that betrothal binding, when all the rest will be plain and simple, and only a matter that can await your good time and pleasure."

Winifred was as essentially feminine as any of her sex. But her whole spirit was roused, and she knew that so direct an appeal should be answered plainly and in public, if she desired to save herself from charge of deception and cowardice. Her veil was cast back for a moment and her large, beautiful eyes fixed on the kind old features of the woolstapler with an expression of frank determination and truth that he never forgot in after years, so deeply was it impressed as a phenomenon in a woman's character, as he had usually believed it to be, old and crabbed bachelor as he had grown into through long years.

"No, Master Jenkins," she said, in a calm, clear voice; "I never was a party to such arrangement, and I am free in word and deed, so far as any act of mine is concerned. And Master Adrian Meister knows this to be the truth," she continued, turning her eyes with a sudden flash on the young man, as he sat in anxious bewilderment at her unexpected attitude of defiance.

"I certainly knew that the extreme youth of the Mistress Winifred had prevented so formal a completion of the arrangement," he said, in a constrained voice, "but for long years her deceased father had

made it a certain compact to me, and his last will shows his feeling on the point. I may, therefore, very lawfully claim so long a promise," he added, with manifest plaintiveness and deference in his voice.

"Well, well. There is time for her to think of her future course," said the good-natured executor. "We will give her a month, only I thought if there was no doubt nor hesitation on her part the matter were as well settled now, and we could draw on the strength of its provisions, and arrange for her future residence till the marriage. But now, of course—"

"Now I can answer you just as decidedly as a month hence," said Winifred, firmly. "And in the presence of these friends of my dear father I declare solemnly that I never by even a look or gesture yielded to a betrothal I detest, or the prospect of a marriage no power should have induced me to make. And this is no new declaration to Master Adrian Meistor," she went on. "I have no more to say than he has long known."

And, putting her hand in the arm of her faithful Dorcas, she walked from the room.

"Humph, this is a strange state of things. What a girl it is," remarked Master Jenkins when the door had closed. "But never despair, Master Meistor; she may change yet when she thinks of what is before, and there is still a month for her to make up her mind."

(To be continued.)

HUNTED FOR HER MONEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE tap of tiny boot-heels was heard upon the marble pavement of the hall, then the door, which was ajar, was pushed open, and the false Miss Bermyngham entered the drawing-room.

The usurper had been informed of the arrival of Sir Lionel Charlton, and had accordingly attired herself with more than usual care, calling to her aid all the skill of her French maid.

Her complexion of pink and white was positively dazzling. Her mouth was red like moist coral. Her rich, red-gold hair, of that peculiar shade produced upon dark hair by the assiduous use of bleaching liquids, but which is now and then found so coloured by the hand of nature, was arranged in puffs and braids and curls, high above her narrow forehead.

Gotten up in the most perfect manner, by the most skilful appliances of art, the false Miss Bermyngham looked to be in truth what she seemed, a blonde of rare and dainty type. No one would have suspected that the arts of skin-dresser and hair-dyer had been employed to make her what she seemed; that the use of belladonna and various pigments had darkened her eyelashes and eyebrows, and made her half-hidden eyes seem brighter.

She wore in her ears great swinging yellow topazes. Her dress of pale blue silk, trimmed with innumerable plaitings and flounces, fell behind her in a long and billowy train. Her neck was half uncovered, and a topaze necklace with diamond pendant was displayed upon her fair skin.

She came forward with a delicious affectation of shyness, and looked from Lady Follitt to Sir Lionel Charlton with a strange, side-long glance from her half-shut eyes, yet with a pretty appealing expression.

"Nerea, my darling," said Lady Follitt, her voice full of pride and tenderness for the gilded serpent in the guise of her dead niece, "this young lady is Miss Clare. I hope you will love each other. Miss Clare, my niece—Miss Bermyngham."

The usurper shot a keen, sharp glance at Beatrice, and drew her breath hard. One look at the young stranger's face, with its rare and exquisite beauty, filled her small soul with bitterest envy. She saw that Beatrice was the glorious diamond without flaw, while she knew herself to be but as glittering paste.

The conviction that she was in every way inferior to this simply attired stranger was enough to make the false Miss Bermyngham hate Beatrice. From that moment of their meeting she was Beatrice's bitter and relentless enemy.

Yet she smiled and extended her hand, and murmured an expression of delight at making "Miss Clare's" acquaintance.

"Nerea, love," said Lady Follitt, "allow me to present to you my late husband's nephew, Sir Lionel Charlton."

The usurper made a low and graceful bow to the young baronet, and stole a look at him.

Her heart gave a great leap as she noted the manly beauty of his dark and noble face.

"The handsomest man I ever saw in my life!" she said to herself. "I shall marry him—I swear it!"

Yet she seemed to shrink a little nearer to Lady

Follitt in shy, maidenly embarrassment, as she expressed her pleasure at seeing Sir Lionel Charlton, of whom she "had heard so much."

Before the baronet could reply the butler announced that dinner waited.

"Lion," said Lady Follitt, "give your arm to Nerea, and lead the way. Miss Clare, permit me to escort you."

They proceeded to the dining-hall, where an hour was passed, and then they returned to the drawing-room.

The false Miss Bermyngham entertained her companions with brilliant opera music, and Beatrice was called upon to contribute her share to the entertainment. She played, without hesitation, a strange and wonderful bit of Italian composition, which was full of weird and beautiful effects, and then gave an English song, accompanying the piano with an exquisite contralto voice, low and sweet and tender—a voice that might have belonged to an angel.

Lady Follitt wiped the tears from her eyes and warmly complimented Beatrice. Sir Lionel's countenance declared his keen appreciation of the music, and he was not backward in expressing his pleasure in words.

"You ought to go upon the stage, Miss Clare," said the false Miss Bermyngham, unable to conceal her spiteful envy. "I am sure you would make a success. But perhaps you have already been upon the stage?" she added, inquiringly.

"No, I know nothing about the stage, Miss Bermyngham," replied Beatrice, quietly, although her colour heightened. "I left school only a year ago, and have since employed my time in travelling."

"My little niece intended a compliment, I am sure," said Lady Follitt. "She has probably never heard a voice like yours off the stage, Miss Clare. Certainly, your voice has been exquisitely cultivated. I wish that Nerea could sing as you do."

The gentle reproof conveyed in the baroness's words and tone put the usurper upon her guard. She declared that she admired Beatrice's singing beyond all things else, and was cloysingly sweet and soft and purring throughout the remainder of the evening.

After Sir Lionel Charlton and Beatrice had retired to their several chambers that night Lady Follitt entered the apartment of her pretended niece.

The false Miss Bermyngham was in her warmed and perfumed dressing-room. Her curtains were drawn, and a dozen wax-lights burned upon her dressing-table. She had laid aside her dinner dress and ornaments and was wrapt in a dressing-gown of pale blue cashmere trimmed with swan's down. She was reclining in an easy-chair, and her maid Finette was brushing out her long red-gold hair. A regiment of bottles was upon the dressing-table, and as Lady Follitt entered Finette dextrously swept them aside into a large coffer arranged for their reception and dropped the lid upon them.

"Did you not bid me enter?" asked the baroness. "I knocked, and thought I heard a response. I am come in for a little talk with you, my dear. Send Finette away for half an hour, and we will sit together."

Lady Follitt was smiling and pleasant, as the usurper immediately perceived, yet it was not with the best grace in the world that the false Miss Bermyngham bade Finette retire for half an hour, and prepared to listen to the baroness.

"I suppose you are come to reprove me for my little jealousy of Miss Clare to-night, Aunt Follitt," said the girl, placing a chair for her visitor. "I know that I behaved shamefully, and I am very sorry," and she affected a pretty penitence. "I suppose you despise me, Aunt Follitt, and it was all because I love you so dearly and I want you to love me, and—and—" and her head drooped—"I like Sir Lionel too, and I thought he admired Miss Clare—and I was just miserable."

"My dear child—" "I shall just hate her if she win your love away from me!" cried the little hypocrite, with assumed passion. "You are all I have in the world, Aunt Follitt, and no one shall take you from me."

"My dear innocent little Nerea," exclaimed Lady Follitt, secretly pleased with this exhibition of seeming childish jealousy and affection. "What a child you are. No one, not even Miss Clare, or Lion himself, can come between you and me. Now tell me how do you like Sir Lionel?"

"I—I could find it easy to love him!" whispered the usurper.

"I am glad to hear that. I could see that Lion admired you, Nerea. But you must be more guarded in the future. Do not show so plainly your secret feelings, my little artless niece. You must be friends with Miss Clare. She is a lovely girl, and I like and admire her. I am come here to-night, my darling, to tell you her history, and to enlist your friendship for her. Her real name is not Miss Clare, but it is Beatrice Rohan."

"But why does she have an assumed name?" questioned the false Miss Bermyngham, with the utmost seeming simplicity. "Isn't that very wicked, Aunt Follitt, to go about under a false name? Isn't it against the laws, you know? And don't they put people in prison for it?"

The usurper's black eyes flew open wide and an ugly, wicked light leaped into them, and she shook her little clenched fist viciously in the direction taken by the baroness, and said, in a hissing whisper:

"Stupid old owl! Miserable old idiot! Sir Lionel will fall in love with this fugitive heiress under your very nose if I don't prevent it! But I will prevent it! I know the girl's whole story, excepting only the address of Colonel Brand! I'll find that out and write to him! I'll tell him that the girl is here! We'll see—oh, we'll see who will win this battle, my dear Miss Rohan! Sir Lionel Charlton and Follitt Court are both for me—for me!"

The false Miss Bermyngham did not immediately carry into execution her resolve to betray Beatrice to her enemies.

In the first place, as she had said in her angry and revengeful self-communion, she did not know the address of Colonel Brand. She had heard mention made of the Chateau Valheck in the vicinity of Antwerp, but a letter addressed to the Brands at Antwerp was not likely to reach them. Colonel Brand was now in London; but a letter addressed to him at the London general post-office might never meet his eyes.

In the second place she was afraid of showing her own hand in the betrayal. She desired to work secretly and underhandedly, to conceal her own agency in the matter, and to escape all suspicion of being concerned in it. She well knew that if Sir Lionel Charlton and Lady Follitt were to become convinced that she was base and treacherous enough to betray the young fugitive under their protection they would send her—the usurper—away from Follitt Court, and never look upon her face again. And so, although it occurred to her to address a letter to Colonel Brand, in care of Mr. Hillsley Upper Berkeley Street, London, yet she refrained from doing so, believing that thus she would betray her own agency in the affair.

But, though she was thus obliged to defer her intended wicked work she believed that the opportunity to effect it, in safety to herself, would soon be afforded her. Colonel Brand might advertise for his fugitive niece; or some one might trace Sir Lionel and the girl to Follitt Court; or other chances, now unthought of, might occur by which Beatrice might be secretly betrayed into the hands of her foes.

"I must be patient!" the usurper said to herself. "It won't do to risk anything by undue haste. Sir, Lionel Charlton and Lady Follitt would utterly hate and abhor me if they knew the part I intend to play. I cannot be too guarded, too secret. It is plain that Sir Lionel is beginning to love this Beatrice. I will use every art and wile to lure him from her and make him love me! And if I fail, if this girl grow dangerous to my plans, and if her enemies fail to discover her, then as a last resort I can send an anonymous letter to Mr. Hillsley, her trustee. Before she shall come between me and the position I have set my heart upon I will adopt any means to rid myself of her!"

It was strange what a grim, hard look mantled the pretty pink-and-white face as she came to this conclusion, how all the child-likeness vanished from her features, leaving upon them an expression that was singularly wicked, and how her eyes, modestly downcast no longer, stared boldly before her, hard, black, and glittering, a pair of evil eyes, the windows of which now stared forth an evil soul!

In accordance with her determination to mask her enmity under a guise of friendliness, the usurper was very kind and caressing to Beatrice upon the following day. She proffered her sympathy in a pretty, childlike way, and was soft and purring in the manner that seemed characteristic.

Lady Follitt and Beatrice had a long private and confidential interview during the day, in which the matter of clothing was thoroughly discussed. Lady Follitt's maid was called in to take the young lady's measurements in respect to corseage and skirt, and these were duly committed to paper.

"I shall write to my own dressmaker, Elise, to send a complete outfit for a young lady," said Lady Follitt. "We can safely trust the details to her, my dear. Excuse me, Lady Follitt," said Beatrice, gently, a flush rising to her clear, pale face, "but I desire to limit Madame Elise to an expenditure of one hundred pounds. I have only four hundred pounds in my possession, and this must maintain me a year until I attain my majority. Something might happen to thrust me forth from the security of this house, and I must have money to keep me from want."

"My dear child," said the baroness, evidently hurt, "this outfit I expect to have charged to me."

"Impossible, Lady Follott. I am grateful for your kind intentions, but I am too independent—pardon me—to accept my clothing as a gift even from you, when I am quite able to pay for it myself."

The baroness argued the point, but Beatrice, although gentle, was firm. She would not be persuaded into accepting the outfit which Lady Follott longed to bestow upon her, and her hostess was finally obliged to yield.

"Very well then, my dear," said the baroness, "you must have your own way. I will limit the expenditure of Elise to a hundred pounds, as you say, and you may defray her bill, since you insist upon doing so. As for the remainder of your money, however, you can put it away in your trunk; you will have no need of it. You are to remain at Follott Court as my guest during the coming year, until you attain your majority. That point is settled."

The letter was written to the London dressmaker by Beatrice herself, who made sundry specifications and stipulations, and was despatched in time to catch the evening mail.

This important duty was fulfilled before the luncheon-bell sounded. After luncheon Lady Follott and her young guests, including Sir Lionel Charlton, went out to drive. In the evening they had music and conversation, and the hours passed swiftly.

Every day, during the days that followed, the young people were constantly together. They walked in the park, or they visited the conservatory, they rode, they drove, they made little excursions to places in the vicinity, they rowed upon the lake, and contrived to fill every waking hour with enjoyment. They were always attended in their wanderings by an elderly groom and were often chaperoned by Lady Follott.

The baroness watched the young people closely but, keen-sighted as she was, she could not distinguish any difference in Sir Lionel's manner towards the two young ladies.

The false Miss Bermingham, however, was keener of vision, or else her instincts assisted her. She knew that the baroness's gaze oftenest sought the lovely face of Beatrice. She knew that his voice grew softer when it addressed the young fugitive; that it was to Beatrice he turned when his feelings were moved; that it was the sound of Beatrice's step or voice that caused his face to kindle with sudden glow and his eyes to flash with sudden light.

It is needless to say that the usurper used every art at her command to win the baronet from her rival. The dress of Beatrice had grown shabby, and was totally inappropriate for a dinner-dress, for which purpose it was nevertheless obliged to serve. The false Miss Bermingham took care that her own toilettes should be striking, elegant, and constantly fresh. She wore the finest laces, the brightest ribbons. Her jewellery was changed with every costume. She strove to make the contrast between her personal appearance and that of Beatrice as marked as possible, and in this she succeeded, yet she was obliged to acknowledge to herself, with the deepest chagrin, that the beauty of the young fugitive heiress was quite independent of the adventitious aids of the toilette, and that one looking into the dusk-gray eyes and pure and lovely face of Beatrice Rohau would scarcely give a thought to their owner's attire.

At the end of a week or ten days, however, the boxes containing the wardrobe which had been ordered from London for Beatrice made their appearance at Follott Court, and the false Miss Bermingham lost much of her one point of superiority.

As may be supposed, the usurper's hatred of the young fugitive had not lessened during those days of constant companionship and intercourse. On the contrary, it had grown and strengthened into a terrible and consuming passion.

Beatrice was possessed of all those charming accomplishments which are considered necessary to the perfect education of young ladies of the present day. She had a genuine talent for drawing from nature and for painting in water-colours; she was a delightful reader; she could play the piano, and sing in a sweet delicious contralto voice as an angel might sing; having been partially educated in Paris, she could speak French like a Parisian, and she was also versed in German and Italian. But the false Miss Bermingham's sole accomplishment appeared to be instrumental music.

This difference between herself and Beatrice added fresh fuel every day to the flames of the usurper's jealous hatred. She saw that Sir Lionel bent over the drawings of Beatrice with interest and admiration, that he sought out picturesque spots upon the estate for Beatrice to sketch, that he read with her, in the original, portions of the works of Goethe and Schiller, and that, in short, the tastes of the young

baronet and the fugitive heiress were identical, and that from this intimate communion of thought she, the false Miss Bermingham, was entirely shut out.

Lady Follott could not fail also to note the difference between the acquirements of the two young ladies, and, knowing that her niece had been supplied with competent governesses and masters, she ascribed the usurper's deficiencies to the indolence induced by the climate of India, to ill-health, and also in greater part to a peculiar modesty and shrinking from attention which she conceived to be an attribute of the usurper.

"She is a dear little violet," thought the baroness, fondly, "a sweet, innocent, clinging young creature, made to adorn a home and to win hearts rather than to challenge admiration. How can Lion help loving her? Dear little Nerea! He has known her for a fortnight. He must love her!"

She resolved to ascertain the young baronet's sentiments towards her supposed niece at the earliest possible opportunity.

That opportunity was afforded that very day.

At a late hour of the morning Lady Follott entered the library to write a letter. This task accomplished, she sat down in an arm-chair before the hearth and gave herself up to pleasant thoughts.

The soft light stole in through stained-glass windows, marble busts and statues gleamed amidst the dusky shadows of corners and niches with spectral effect, the fire glowed redly on the bars of the grate and fender and shot long, ruddy lanes upon the carpet, and a soft stillness and repose pervaded the air.

The young people were gone out to ride and were expected momentarily to return. Indeed, as Lady Follott settled herself more snugly in her chair she fancied that she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the bridge spanning the moat, and a minute or two later she heard most unmistakably the sounds of arrival at the great porch, and then the outer doors opened and gay voices and hurrying feet resounded in the hall.

The baroness did not stir, and the two girls, Beatrice and the false Miss Bermingham, passed on to the staircase hall and went up to their rooms. Sir Lionel, a little later, went up to his own apartment. And still Lady Follott lingered before the library fire thoughtful and alone.

It might have been half an hour later when steps were again heard upon the marble floor of the hall, the door opened, and Sir Lionel Charlton entered the library.

Lady Follott welcomed him with a smile.

"I was just thinking of sending up for you to come to the library, Lion," she remarked. "Have you a few minutes to spare for me? Or were you in haste to write a letter?"

"Oh, no, I have always time to spare to you, Aunt Follott," replied Sir Lionel. "I came in only for a fresh volume of Goethe, but I am in no hurry for it. I presume Be—Miss—Clare—won't be down until the luncheon-bell rings."

"Then sit down by me, Lion," said the baroness, indicating a chair quite near her own, "and let us have a little confidential talk together. We have a whole hour before luncheon."

The young baronet took possession of the chair Lady Follott had indicated.

This reminds me of the little confidential talks we used to have together in the days of my recklessness and wildness," he said, arching his black brows after a comical manner. "What have I been doing now, Aunt Follott? Do you intend to lecture me as you used to do?"

Lady Follott smiled.

"You don't deserve to be lectured now-a-days, Lion," she said, affectionately. "You are sober and thoughtful enough now to atone for your former wildness. I want to speak to you about my niece. How do you like Nerea?"

The dark olive skin of Sir Lionel reddened a little and his broad brows contracted slightly as he answered:

"I like her very much indeed, Aunt Follott. She is a sweet, caressing little creature, a being to pet and to love—a little gushing, perhaps, and a trifle affected."

"Gushing! Affected! What, Nerea!" cried Lady Follott, horrified. "Lion, you are unjust! Nerea is all impulse, all sweetness, and as artless as an infant!"

"I was only giving you my opinion, Aunt Follott," said Sir Lionel. "Nerea is charming, I admit."

"And you love her, Lion?" said Lady Follott, eagerly. "You desire to make her your wife?"

The young man's face grew very grave. A troubled look appeared in his black eyes.

"I like Nerea—as a cousin!" he said, frankly. "But she would never suit me as a wife!"

"Lion, what nonsense is this?"

"I am sorry, Aunt Follott, to disappoint you in your cherished dreams in regard to my union with your niece," said the young man, gently; "but they are only dreams, and must have the fate of dreams. Nerea's tastes and mine are dissimilar. I do not feel that love for her which it is necessary that I should feel for the woman who is to become my wife. Nerea and I regard each other as brother and sister."

Lady Follott interrupted him impatiently.

"Lionel," she exclaimed, "you know how much depends upon your marriage with Nerea. No, don't speak. Hear me out. Your estates are encumbered with mortgages. You have devoted the larger share of your income to paying off these mortgages, and for the ten years to come you will have only four hundred pounds a year to live upon. You are, in brief, virtually a poor man."

Sir Lionel bowed assent.

"I have explained to you often and often about this estate of Follott Court," continued the baroness. "It brings in an annual income of fifteen thousand a year, its farms being all of the highest productive-ness. This estate belonged absolutely to your uncle Lord Follott, and you, being his nephew and nearest living male relative, have morally a claim upon it. As it is freehold you have, however, no legal claim. This you clearly understand. I brought to my husband as a dowry a handsome fortune, which was all spent in improvements upon this property. This fortune came from my own family, and I think, therefore, that Nerea, wealthy as she is, has also claims upon me. I cannot divide the property. It must go to you two jointly. Lion, your interests are all at stake. Do not decide hastily against this marriage on which I have set my heart."

The baroness spoke earnestly, even imploringly. Her fair, handsome face wore a look of keen anxiety, and she laid her hand upon one of Sir Lionel's in unconscious pleading.

"My dear aunt," said Lionel, affectionately, "you have been a second mother to me. It pains me to go counter to your wishes, but marriage is one of the most important events in a man's life, and I must choose my wife for myself. Even to please you, Aunt Follott, I cannot become a party to a marriage of convenience. You have told me that whichever of us two—Nerea or I—shall decline this marriage which you have proposed that one shall forfeit all claim to your property. With all respect for Miss Bermingham, I decline the alliance. Give your property to her, Aunt Follott, but do not withdraw from me the affection which I prize as one of the greatest blessings of my life."

He raised her ladyship's white and jewelled hand to his lips.

Lady Follott had been about to reply angrily, but her heart softened under Sir Lionel's affectionate caress. Her features relaxed, and she exclaimed, in a voice that trembled:

"My dear boy, why will you stand so in your own light? Do not be so obstinate, so headstrong! You know I love you as if you were my own son. I love Nerea also as if she were my daughter. You have peculiar claims upon my niece. Miles Bermingham, Nerea's father, was your mother's cousin, and before his marriage with my sister he was your mother's lover. His last will devised all his wealth to his daughter, but should she die unmarried and without making a will, all his property is to descend to you, the son of his cousin, his first love. I think Nerea feels some sort of obligation to be thus imposed upon her to make your life free from cares and pecuniary anxieties."

A door at the farther end of the library, which was slightly open, was suddenly jarred at this juncture. Lady Follott and Sir Lionel were too much absorbed in their conversation to notice the movement. Neither had any suspicion that a listener was lurking within sound of their voices, but there was one.

The false Miss Bermingham had followed the young baronet downstairs, and had been upon the point of following him also into the library through another door than that by which he had entered when she heard the sound of voices within. Being essentially cat-like in her nature, treacherous, a born spy, and eager to ascertain the secret opinions of others, having always a hope to hear something concerning herself, she paused, as was her frequent habit, to listen. And so she had heard all that had passed between the two.

The allusion to the will of the late Miles Bermingham had startled her, although she had been informed of the tenor of that will before.

"I wonder what Sir Lionel and Lady Follott would say," she thought, "if they knew that the real Nerea Bermingham is dead and obscurely buried, and that at this moment Sir Lionel is the lawful owner of the wealth I have usurped? But

they will never know it. I shall keep my secret even beyond the grave. I am safe, absolutely safe! I shall enjoy the property; I shall marry Sir Lionel despite his objections, and I shall be mistress at Follott Court. But he is speaking now. What does he say?"

She bent her ear eagerly to listen anew. "Aunt Follott," the young baronet was saying, "I shall never marry from motives of policy or from gratitude. I respect Nerea—I like her. But I have no claims upon her or her wealth. I shall marry for love, and I do not love Nerea as I should love the woman who is to be nearest to me of all the earth."

"But you do love Beatrix Rohan!" exclaimed Lady Follott, impatiently. "I have feared this, Lion. You do not deny it? It was a sad day for us all when you found her in London. Lionel, have you told her that you love her? Have you asked her to be your wife?"

"Not yet," replied the baronet. "You have guessed my secret, Aunt Follott. I do love Beatrix with all my heart and soul. I have loved her from the hour we met. She is under your protection, an inmate of your house, and I intended to ask first of all, both upon her account and my own, your consent to my addressing her. I intended to ask you this very day. Will you grant it, Aunt Follott?"

"You have only known her a fortnight, Lion!"

"But it has been a fortnight of constant intercourse," urged the baronet. "And we became well acquainted in London, you know, before coming here. We have been thrown together constantly, and have seen more of each other in a single day than most people see of each other in months. I should love Beatrix if she were a beggar-maid. It is herself I love, Aunt Follott, and if she will marry me I shall be the happiest man in the world!"

"Do you think that she loves you?"

"I do not know, of course. I have my fears, knowing her so well and my own deserts, but I have also my hopes," answered Sir Lionel. "Have I your permission to address her, Aunt Follott, to tell her of my love?"

"Not yet," said the baroness. "You have not known her long enough. Wait another month, Lion. See more of Nerea's sweet, artless ways before you commit yourself to Beatrix. I will not consent to have you speak to Beatrix just yet. It is true she is an excellent match, well born, high bred, an heiress, a beauty, but your interests all lie in a union with Nerea. I love Beatrix; I own it frankly; but Nerea, with her soft, caressing ways, and the tie of relationship between us, is infinitely dearer to me, and I want you to marry her. Wait a single month, Lionel. See these two girls together; study them more closely. For my sake, wait!"

"I will wait," replied the baronet, gravely, "the specified month; but I assure you, Aunt Follott, that years of waiting will make no difference in my love for Beatrix. I will wait out of deference to your wishes. I would not be too precipitate in approaching Beatrix upon this subject, but at the expiration of a month it is understood between us, is it not, that I am at liberty to ask Beatrix to become my wife?"

"It is so understood," said Lady Follott, with unconcealed bitterness. "I had set my heart upon your marriage to Nerea, Lionel, and I shall continue to hope for it. I cannot think that the great hope of my life is to be doomed to disappointment. But if you adhere to this love for Beatrix you will forfeit all chance of becoming my heir! You will go to your bride encumbered with debts, and people will call you a fortune-hunter! How will your proud spirit bear that? Marry Beatrix, and I shall make Nerea my sole heir! I give you one month to think the matter over and decide. We will not talk farther at present on this subject. Leave me, Lionel, I want to be alone."

She waved her hand, dismissing him. The false Miss Bermyngham had barely time to effect her escape unobserved when Sir Lionel quitted the library.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE false Miss Bermyngham beat a retreat to her own room, from which she did not emerge until the luncheon-bell rang. Then she descended to the breakfast-room, as airy and gay and pleasant as usual, apparently as playful as a pet kitten.

Lady Follott beamed tenderly upon her. The baroness thought the usurper a delicate, dainty, sensitive being, made to live upon sunshine and smiles. She believed the girl to be deeply interested in Sir Lionel Charlton and blamed herself severely for having fostered that interest. Nevertheless, she hoped in the depths of her own heart that the young baronet would appreciate the seeming artlessness,

and innocence of her supposed niece, and transfer to her his love and devotion.

"He would have loved Nerea if he had seen her first!" she said to herself. "He pities Beatrix, but surely he cannot have fixed his affections upon her beyond the power of recall. He is proud. He will not willingly expose himself to the imputation of being called a fortune-hunter by marrying Beatrix. Oh, I am quite sure that all is not lost yet!"

After luncheon the young people went out for a stroll in the park. The May air was soft and balmy, and they remained out-of-doors for several hours, until it was time to dress for dinner.

Lady Follott had intended to seek a private interview with the false Miss Bermyngham that very day and to ascertain the state of the girl's feelings toward Sir Lionel Charlton, but the opportunity was not afforded her.

The baroness was the first to enter the drawing-room before the dinner hour, and she walked up and down the great apartment, looking very grand and stately in her trained robe of black velvet, with diamonds in her hair and about her throat, and with an Elizabethan ruff of point-lace rising about her long white neck.

She was walking thus, her face very grave and thoughtful, when the false Miss Bermyngham came fluttering into the room.

The baroness's face brightened with a warm and loving smile as her gaze rested upon the usurper, who had made an unusually brilliant toilet and who was looking remarkably pretty in a peach-coloured silk trimmed with puffs and ruffles, and with ornaments of the palest pink coral.

The girl ran up to Lady Follott for a kiss.

"My dear," said the baroness, as she bestowed the caress, "you are looking very lovely this evening. I do not see how any heart can resist you. You are a dear, loving little creature, Nerea, made just to be petted and loved. By-the-by, my dear, you remember what I told you upon that night of our meeting in London concerning my hopes for your future and that of Sir Lionel Charlton? I was just thinking of it. And I was reminded that you have never given me your opinion of my nephew. What do you think of him, Nerea?"

The girl drooped her head, hiding it upon Lady Follott's shoulder.

The baroness looked startled and changed colour.

"Do you mean, Nerea, darling," she said, "that—that you are interested in Lion?"

There was no answer, unless a quivering of the small figure in her arms might be so construed.

A look of distress mantled Lady Follott's countenance. A fear assailed her lest she should have led this girl to fix her heart upon Sir Lionel Charlton, and lost sorrow to her supposed niece should result from her well-meant plans.

This fear was confirmed by the hypocrite, who presently whispered, tremulously:

"You—you told me, Aunt Follott, that you wanted me to marry Sir Lionel, and he is so handsome, and so—and so—"

"And so you like him, dear?"

The girl nodded silently.

Lady Follott made no answer, but kissed the usurper very tenderly and gravely. There was a silence between them, which was broken by the sound of approaching steps in the hall. The false Miss Bermyngham broke from the clasp of the baroness, and hurried to a window, looking out, apparently to hide her emotion. Lady Follott had scarcely composed her countenance when Sir Lionel Charlton entered the apartment.

And directly after him appeared Beatrix.

The young fugitive heiress was dressed in a pure gray silk, with a knot of scarlet ribbons at her throat, and a scarlet velvet sash tied carelessly about her waist. Her hair was arranged in picturesque fashion, and its tawny crimps and waves contrasted finely with the deeper, ruddier, artificial-looking colouring of the false Miss Bermyngham's tresses.

Lady Follott treated her guest with smiles, yet with a certain bitterness which she found it difficult to conceal. Had it not been for Beatrix, she said to herself, Sir Lionel Charlton would have fallen in love with Nerea. Greatly as she liked Beatrix, she thought it peculiarly hard to herself and to her supposed niece that the young fugitive, with the piquant beauty, vivid intelligence, and noble character, should be brought just at this time into such close contrast with that pretty little ingénue, the false Miss Bermyngham.

"I cannot believe that the mischief is done, however," she said to herself. "Beatrix is as generous as the sun. Suppose I were to tell her that I outright, veiling my purpose, of course, that it is the one desire of my life to see Lionel and Nerea husband and wife? If I were to tell her that I am sure that if Lion were to ask her to marry him she would refuse him—she has such a nice sense of

honour—such a keen sense of gratitude! And she would never betray my confidence. I think I'll tell her this very evening. She has doubtless forgotten the hint I gave her upon the subject that night of her arrival at the Court."

The baroness pondered this new idea throughout the dinner-hour, giving way to frequent abstractions, from which she aroused herself with sudden starts and apologies.

After dinner they returned to the drawing-room. They had scarcely settled themselves—Lady Follott with her wool embroidery, Beatrix with her drawing, Sir Lionel with a book of engravings, and the false Miss Bermyngham at the piano—when the butler entered with the post-bag, which he delivered into his lady's own hands.

A messenger was despatched twice each day to the little post-office at Follott Foss. The morning mail was considered of most importance, being generally heavier; but the post-bag was quite full to-night.

Lady Follott unlocked the bag with her own private key which hung from her watch-chain, and emptied letters and newspapers upon the table.

As the butler retired the young people laid aside their occupations and regarded the baroness with expectancy. The false Miss Bermyngham came flying from the piano, her pink-and-white face all eagerness, crying out:

"Is there something for me, Aunt Follott? There must be something for me, you know. There should be a letter from Emmanuel about that set of rubies—they must be mounted by this time—and Elise must have finished my new embroidered polonaise—and—"

She paused for sheer lack of breath.

Lady Follott smiled indulgently upon her, and resumed her task of sorting the letters.

"Two for you, Lion," she said, handing them to him. "The London mail was heavy to-day. Nothing for you, Beatrix, my dear, but for you 'no news is good news.' There are no London letters for you, Nerea darling, but the Indian mail is in. Here are two letters for you from India."

The usurper started.

"For me?" she exclaimed, opening her eyes suddenly but involuntarily, but dropping the heavy lids upon the instant over the bold, evil black eyes. "For me?"

"Yes, for you, dear. You seem surprised," said Lady Follott. "I do believe, my dear child, that you haven't written to any one in India since you arrived in England. Is not that so?"

"I wrote to Norton—my dear old nurse and maid—from London," said the false Miss Bermyngham, with a sickly sort of smile. "I was too anxious and impatient to wait until just before the mail should leave—in fact, there was a mail on the point of departure, I now remember. But these letters were sent after me by next post. You will excuse me, Aunt Follott, if I read them?"

She took up the two envelopes and retired to a little table in a distant corner upon which were placed two wax-lights.

Sir Lionel Charlton busied himself with his own letters. Beatrix resumed her drawing. Lady Follott read her letters—she had received several, the majority of them begging communications—and the usurper was entirely unnoticed, as she turned her back to her companions and tremblingly proceeded to examine the missives she had received.

They were of course intended for the real Miss Bermyngham, the pale little insignificant-looking girl who was buried in an obscure grave under a false name, but the usurper had no scruple about reading them.

The first letter she examined was a pleasant, gossiping communication from a lady friend of the dead Indian heiress, containing Calcutta society news, and allusions to old mutual friends; but it was of no importance, and the girl laid it down with a sigh of relief.

"I don't know what I dreaded," she said to herself, in her own heart; "but an awful fear and horror came upon me at sight of the Indian post-mark. For a moment I thought I was going to faint. What a wretched coward I am, in spite of all my boldness and audacity! What letter is this? The handwriting is poor enough. It must be from that dotting old nurse, Norton. She seemed fairly to worship her mistress. The letter is of no account; but I may as well read it."

The envelope was of coarse blue paper. The sheet within was similar; the handwriting weak and poor; the words ill spelled and the style illiterate, but the contents of the letter proved to be of the most remarkable and absorbing interest.

A strange terror gathered upon the girl as she read. She caught her breath sharply. Again that sensation of fainting came upon her. The paper

rested in her hands, and a quick, defiant, horrified look shot in one bold blaze from her black eyes.

The first page of the letter contained such expressions of love and tender yearning as an old nurse might be expected to lavish upon the young mistress who had been as dear to her as her own child, and such items of news as a trusted dependant might be expected to send her young lady. But upon the second page occurred this paragraph:

"My mind misgives me, my dear Miss Nere, about that young woman that you took as your made to England. She may be all right, and again she may not. The day after you called a police-officer in plain dress came to inquire of me who the young woman was that you took with you for your made. I told him that her name was Agatha Walden. He wanted her description. I had to describe her. When he found out that her complexion was fair, and that she had light hair, then he said as he was on the wrong cent; that he was after a girl with black hair, which was a murderess. He thought that this murderess girl would attempt escape from the country, and he did not go but she was gone as your made. But Agatha Walden did not answer his description, and he said the girl he wanted was probably hiding in the town somewhere."

"So, my dear, although your made is not the girl he wanted, and I am very glad of it, for I shouldn't sleep at night if I thought you had a murderess to wait on you, and ready to cut your throat and poison you if you spoke sharp to her; yet I am afraid this Agatha may have false and perhaps turn out some was wrong, although she had such good references. Keep a sharp eye on her, my dear. I only hope as I am doing her an injustice."

"That murderess woman the policeman was after must have been a regular bad one, for just when we were after he came to see me along came another person to inquire after her too. And this last fellow was very curious in his inquiries after your made. Some he was hunting down every person that had left Calcutta within three weeks. But Agatha's description puzzled him too. I think he was more'n half satisfied when he went away. The last thing he said, 'see he: if it wasn't for the hair and complexion—and there he stops!'"

"This sets me thinking, dear Miss Nere, what terrible people there is in the world. Do be careful! Don't trust that smile made of yours too much. I once she is pretty and like a child, but you must be on your guard against every word."

There was more in the same strain. The false Miss Bernyngton—the one who had entered the service of the Indian heiress under the assumed name of Agatha Walden—read every line with a devouring gaze.

When she had finished the letter she read anew the paragraphs we have transcribed.

Gradually, her coolness and self-confidence returned to her. A smile—strange and wintry, but a smile—gathered anew on her red mouth, and she thought:

"I outwitted them most thoroughly. As that policeman said, 'the hair and complexion' are an obstacle not to be gotten over. And if they traced that woman under the disguise of Agatha Walden, and follow her to England, why, they are stopped at the London railway terminus by the statement that Agatha Walden is dead. And they will even be shown her grave! I am safe—safe—safe!"

Her face beamed now with her look of triumph. She was herself again. She thrust the nurse's letter in her pocket, and, taking the other in her hand, approached Lady Folliott, who was removing the wrappers from the newspapers.

"One of my letters was from my dear old Norton, Aunt Folliott," she said, lightly. "This is from Mrs. Carson, an old friend of mine, and of yours also. I think. She visited you at Folliott Court when she was in England a year ago. Would you like to see what she writes?"

She gave the letter into the baroness's possession, and waited until it had been read. After comments had been made upon it she resumed charge of it, and took up her newspaper again.

(To be continued.)

THE MARTYRED HEROINE.

CHAPTER XI.

TIME sped on, and Joan d'Aro again went forth to lead the king's army to action; and victory followed victory in her path. The English had now grown to fear and hate the brave maid who gave such glorious winnings to the French, and they felt that if they could but gain possession of this heroic leader their own arms would again ride triumphant; for well they imagined if Joan was removed from

the army the soldiers would soon lose all courage and fall back at their own strong advance.

Their wicked desires were destined only too soon to be gratified; for, alas for France!—alas for the treachery and cruelty of some of her brave officers!—this lovely maid was soon to be given into possession of her cruel foes and persecutors.

Some of the French leaders had grown jealous of the fame Joan acquired; and there was one treacherous and wicked enough to listen to the plan of Henri Paulain, when he came to assist in delivering the Maid of Orleans into the hands of the English. This man, Guillaume de Flavy, was a brave but unprincipled officer; and the fame and position of Joan had long rankled sorely at his heart. At this time he commanded the fortress of Compiègne. This position had been besieged for many months by the Duke of Burgundy at the head of a powerful force; and Guillaume de Flavy sent to the king, requesting aid from Joan and her army.

In a few days Joan gathered her brave soldiers and some of her ablest generals about her, and marched on to Compiègne. Once arrived, a battle soon followed, and twice the English were driven from their entrenchments. It was then, ere the third advance was made, that there came dashing up to the side of Guillaume de Flavy a tall, mounted horseman. The slouched hat, the deep, piercing black eyes, the heavy moustache shading his face, were the same that we have seen worn by Henri Paulain in the cathedral at Rheims. Now the man reined in his steed at the side of the French officer, Guillaume de Flavy, and in a hurried, low voice as he bent his head nearer De Flavy said:

"I would speak with you, general. Be so kind as to ride a little apart from here, for I have something to say which I think will give you happiness."

The French officer did as this strange horseman requested, and reined his war steed a little to one side, where he checked him, saying:

"Be in haste, sir, for the battle is getting against us, and I must be in front again to cheer the men to action!"

"Most worthy general, I will not detain you long; but I have a plan to make known to you which I think will not go amiss in your eyes. Joan d'Aro is here, helping you and your soldiers to win the battle. Twice she has succeeded in driving the foe. There is to be another attack soon. She has, even now, nearly won your cause. You do not feel over-kind to her, for no general wants a young foolish woman to win his fame away from him. How would you like to deliver her over to the enemy and keep the renown of the battle to yourself?" and the eyes of Henri Paulain were fast upon his companion's face as he awaited the general's reply.

"Sirrah, what mean you? Do you take me for a lunatic to do such a mad thing as that in the very face of the soldiers, who adore this strange maid? And what makes you think I, of all others, wish to get rid of Joan d'Aro?" asked De Flavy, in angry, excited tones.

"Nay, nay, general. I did not intimate that you did wish to get rid of her; but she takes from your glory, as she does from all the other brave officers in the army. Neither do I say that it would be a service to me if she should be taken away, yet it would not be very far from the truth if I had said so, sir." And the villain's keen eyes were again turned upon Flavy.

That officer now let his gaze rest in a deep, long scrutiny upon the man's face, but he saw naught save the dark features, the deep eyes and the heavy moustache. But the look seemed to satisfy him, for he replied again:

"I see! I see! you have an old score against the girl. An affair du coeur, or the like, and since you are so frank as to come and tell me what you have told I will say in reply that, should there be a feasible way to be rid of this girl, I should be charmed to see it put into execution. What do you propose, monsieur stranger?"

"Listen, general. The men are about to rally out again to drive back the English. They will not succeed, for the enemy have just been strongly reinforced. But our army must advance. I know she will urge them to do so. Our soldiers will soon be driven back, Joan d'Aro with them, and we must find a way to prevent her, with the page who always rides by her side, from entering the gates of Compiègne again. If they are not killed by the enemy, let them be taken prisoners and take the fate of such—death!" and the man hissed out the last word through his clenched teeth, and his eyes sent out gleams of fierce hatred as he pronounced it.

"It shall be so! it shall be so!" said Guillaume de Flavy, in a mood almost as much excited as the other's. "Keep you by my side, and we will see the deed accomplished ere the day has gone!"

Half an hour later the French army again went out to drive back the English, who once more renewed the attack—Joan first, riding her powerful black charger with the ease and grace so habitual to

her, clad, as usual, in her suit of black armour, with her long hair floating in the breeze, her small battle axe in one hand and her banner uplifted and unfurled waving over her head. Paul Allut rode close beside her, for still in battle he was true to the task of shielding the life of her to whom he had given the most sacred devotion of his life.

As the army rode forward they were met by the enemy, who, having just received powerful reinforcements, now came boldly up for the conflict. For a little time the attack went on; then the French felt that they were gaining. The strong tide of battle surged fiercer and fiercer; the English grew strong with their new troops passing up to fill the vacancies of those swept away by their opponents; and to the French there came no fresh supply.

The English were winning. Joan saw this, and she grew sad and sorrowful. She sounded the call for her own brave men to fall back, and herself remained in the most dangerous position—that of rear guard. For awhile she sustained herself nobly, until the army had safely re-entered the city. Then she endeavored to enter herself. She reached the gate, Paul Allut by her side. All had passed within it save those two. Suddenly it swung on its hinges. It closed, and Paul had entered alone; for Joan d'Aro's horse was thrust aside, and she was a prisoner with the English without!

An hour afterwards one could have seen that same horseman who had originated the vile plan of betraying the Maid of Orleans to the enemy lying stark and cold upon the battle-ground outside the gates of Compiègne. The deadly wound had been received when he turned to ride back in the city after he had gone out by the side of De Flavy.

For an hour he had lain there dying, alone and conscious. He but met speedily the punishment of his crimes. Lying there as he did, with the pale, white moon rising over him, seeming like some cold, stern queen, sitting judge upon his crimes, his death agonies were fearful to behold. But ere the last breath gurgled up and then died out in death he muttered, faintly:

"Oh, mon Dieu, have pity on my soul, for it is black! oh, so black! Pardon! Grace, mon Dieu!"

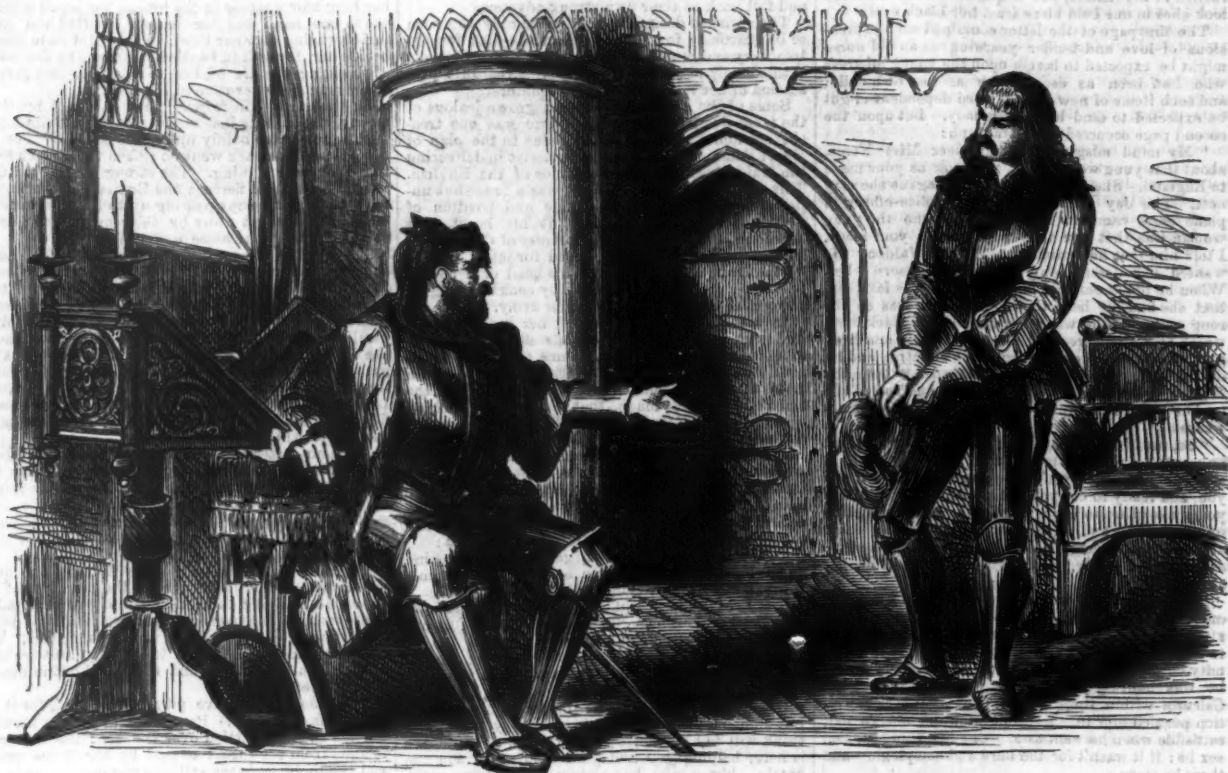
Then the film settled over the eye; the features relaxed from the throes caused by the fierce pain, and the limbs and face settled away into the rigidity of death. Henri Paulain had gone to await a just yet merciful judgment. Who can tell whether the spirit tended—to happiness or misery—in that final fight from the blood-stained battle field before Compiègne?

Joan d'Aro had been given to her enemies; Guillaume de Flavy had shut the gate! Whose was the crime? Henri Paulain's, the man now gone to the judgment seat of a higher power than an earthly court? or did the deed rest with Guillaume de Flavy, the man who had himself escaped with life, and betrayed the heroic maid who had come to help him win his battles?

In an apartment of his own private house in Compiègne sat this general, Guillaume de Flavy, after the battle. He was exultant in looks and manner, and his words were jubilant as he carelessly uttered them aloud:

"This has been a great day for me, though the English have not been driven away. But now we will cause them to speedily evacuate their stronghold. Some more reinforcements to our army, with those brought by Joan d'Aro, will win our cause. But she—the saucy, fanatical mix who has led them to battle heretofore—is safe out of the way, and will not trouble us again in haste, I am confident. The English will keep her safe enough, I warrant; for they are more afraid of her, I have been told, than our whole army together. They are deluded, poor mortals, to think that she has any help from good or bad spirits, for she is but a simple-minded peasant girl; and 'twas only by her wonderful beauty, and grace, and courage, that she gained the adulation of the ignorant soldiery, who followed her so readily. But she is safe out of my path now; and Guillaume de Flavy will no longer stand second to a country maid, in the eyes of the French people, in winning battles for his king!" and De Flavy knit his brows in anger at the thought. Then he started up, exclaiming:

"But I wonder what has become of the strange horseman who has helped me to this ending. He should have been here before this. I hope no evil has befallen him; and the page who rode beside Joan d'Aro gained admittance ere I could shut him out. This man, Henri Paulain, he gave his name, may have seen it all; and now he may be in search of this page, who, I fancy, is some rival in love between him and the maid. If so, the man, if living, will have his revenge; for I saw there were cruelty and cunning in the glance of his deep black eyes; and he would not easily give up a purpose which he had once formed. But I told him where to find me this evening, and 'tis time he was here!" and De Flavy rose and paced the apartment, awaiting the guest who would never cross his threshold, but who lay so white and stark outside the city gates.



[DE FLAVY'S VISITOR.]

But, even as he spoke, the door was thrown open, and a visitor entered. In him he quickly recognizes Andrea de Vere, who, in the disguise he had worn when first following Joan, and afterwards given up when he again joined her succeeding his recovery from his wounds, now visited Guillaume de Flavy.

This general did not recognize in the young man who now stood before him and presented his name as Andrea de Vere the page who had ridden beside Joan d'Arc to the city gates that afternoon; so when the young man adroitly questioned him, as he shortly did, the French officer was taken at a great disadvantage and thrown entirely off his guard.

"You see, my noble general," the visitor began, "I am a French soldier; and when I tell you I love my country you will believe it, for I have fought in many battles since I entered the army. But there is one thing which has troubled me greatly; our soldiers have been led by a woman—a young maid from Domremy—and it has not seemed to me right that it should be so when there are so many brave generals who could serve in her stead. What do you think, general? Do you not deem it best that men should go out to battle and that women should remain at home about their household duties?" he continued, with seeming truth in manner and words.

"You are of the right sort, I see, young man," replied De Flavy. "And you will no more be troubled by a woman's presence on the battle field, for ere this Joan d'Arc is safe enough, I imagine, in the enemy's hands."

"What do you suppose they will do with her? Keep her as a prisoner of war, or exchange her in time, general?" asked the young man. "It was strange that she could not enter the gate, for I came in only a few moments before. She must be losing her knack of fighting, and her fleetness in riding, I should say, or she could have gotten in safe enough, I warrant," he added.

"Mayhap she did try; I can't say about that, but you that I saw the soldier whom I think was Henry Paulain lying outside the gate, wounded and dying. I passed him in riding hastily back myself. He had been thrown from his horse when he received the shot, and I think that fall helped on the death I saw plainly in his face as I went past."

"And so you think, general, that the maid has been thus dealt with?" asked the soldier. Then he added, with great apparent warmth of manner, "I faith 'twould not be far out of right if this were so; for this conceited girl deserves it, since she has never given up the leadership to any officer in our army, pretending that she is inspired by Heaven to lead us into battle. So if some one has passed her over to the English side mayhap 'twould be serving our French cause. She wouldn't fight against us

though, would she, general, for the maid is terrible in battle?" asked the man, in apparent ignorant simplicity.

"No fear of that," replied De Flavy, with a rude laugh. "The girl, be she helped by fiends or angels, is thoroughly loyal at heart. But can you keep a secret, my good fellow? You look honest, and I am determined to trust you. What should you say if I were to make answer that your suspicions regarding this Joan d'Arc are correct?"

"I have already replied to that, general."

"True. Well, so it is. This maid won't trouble us more, I dare swear; and old veterans can lead the king's forces into battle without following the lead of a half-crazed girl. I want to trust you farther. I am expecting every moment the arrival of a private in the army—you may know him, one Henri Paulain by name, a new recruit; well, he it was who first bronched this affair of removing Joan. I fancy he desired some revenge on the girl, and also on a page who rode with her, who had probably supplanted him in some affair du coeur. Well, he was to be at the gate when our men fell back into the town; but he failed me, and so I closed the gate alone. But the page has got within the walls, and I desire that you should go in search of him, for his cunning may devise some plan to rescue his mistress, though I dare swear she is safe in English hands!" and the Frenchman again laughed a coarse, low laugh, as if he highly relished the share he had taken in her betrayal. Then he added, "See here, sirrah, you are bound to secrecy in this that I have told you, otherwise your head swings from the gibbet I will have made right speedily for you."

"You can trust me, general. I am glad you have told me this. And you shall see if I am able to keep a secret. Now I must be gone on my errand, sire, as I only came to tell you my thoughts. I ventured to do so because I hoped you might feel something as I have just mentioned, and I am thankful that I came. But before I go I will tell you that I saw the soldier whom I think was Henry Paulain lying outside the gate, wounded and dying. I passed him in riding hastily back myself. He had been thrown from his horse when he received the shot, and I think that fall helped on the death I saw plainly in his face as I went past."

"Well, it may be best then that I looked out for the gate myself, to see who should enter," said De Flavy, as his visitor rose to go.

After Andrea de Vere, or more properly Paul Alluf, had left the house of Guillaume de Flavy, and gained the street, he walked hastily till he gained his own camp-tent, then the thoughts to which he had feared to give utterance broke forth.

"It is as I thought!" he said. "Guillaume de Flavy shut to the gate, and pushed back the horse Joan rode! I saw it then, yet I could not stop my steed until I was within, and the gate was barred upon our lovely Joan without. Oh, what a bold, bad, wicked man! Heaven will surely bring him to a speedy judgment for this terrible deed. It would do no good were I to inform of him now. Few would believe it, and I should only meet a sudden death for my declarations. But Paulain is dead, doubtless. His wound was mortal. That villain is taken away; and now the time will shortly come when Marie and her parents can be restored to their own again. But Joan, poor, innocent lamb, you are in the hands of an enemy who will, I fear, deal harshly with your young life! But I will not desert you now, though all France should turn against her who has proved the saviour of her king. It will be an almost impossible matter, but I will gain your side; and, if means can be found, you shall yet be free from the grasp of our hated foes! Ah, Joan, I have once, twice, saved your life, I may be permitted to do so again; for I hold your sacred before all others, though I do not now love you with the same affection I possessed when we lived beside each other in Domremy. I think of you as of a star afar in the heavens, too pure to dream of earthly love. Marie Laxart—she who so nobly saved me when stricken with the burning fever—is the maid I shall wed. Her love will make my home happy when I leave the wars and make a quiet nest for us two. She loves me, and I have given her the next love to Joan. But Marie is not jealous, and we shall be happy!" and Paul Alluf uttered these ejaculations with earnest tones which attested the truth of his words.

Meanwhile, in his handsome apartment in another street, sat Guillaume de Flavy, and his thoughts were exultant and cruel.

"This day's work has been the best I have performed this many a day," he uttered. "I hated that peasant girl. She gained the credit of all the battles that have been won! I have only done my duty in making her over to the English, and I only hope they will not send her back again. But, as I told that young soldier who just came in, there is little danger of that; for they will think they have gotten the whole of our army when the English soldiers know that this girl is safe in the prison where their king will place her."

While Guillaume de Flavy sat with his own wicked thoughts, gloating over the success he had won that day, the hearts of the French soldiery were stricken with grief and anguish at the loss of their worshipped leader, Joan d'Arc.

(To be continued.)



[A DEAD PATRIOT.]

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.

CHAPTER VI.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

ANTHONY GOLDSTEIN shrank back to the village like a guilty murderer. He felt that though the awful crime he had seen committed was perpetrated by another hand it was he who had prompted the deadly blow, he who had contrived the fatal catastrophe, and that from him an offended Heaven would demand the expiation of his brother's blood.

Horrible phantoms seemed to clog his steps, the dreadful groans with which the dying man yielded up his last breath, amid the fiend-like imprecations of his slayer, rang in his ears, and it was not till broad daylight dissipated these ghastly night-terrors that the conscience-stricken traitor dared to venture forth into the village street, where he dreaded to hear from each peasant he met some tidings of the crime of which Heaven and but one man besides himself possessed the awful secret.

He had not strayed far along the valley, his steps instinctively turning in the direction of the ravine where the final act of the tragedy had its completion, when he became aware of following footsteps. His first impulse was rapid flight, but he soon felt that that would be vain.

As one who on a lonely road
Doth walk with trembling dread,
For well he knows a fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

So stole along the traitor catfif. But soon the steps were at his side.

"Whither away so fast, good uncle?" asked the abhorrent wretch, in a cold and sneering tone. "Were your slumbers disturbed by aught during the silent hours?"

Anthony Goldstein shuddered as he turned and looked with a fearful fascination at the murderer. The young man returned his gaze with a demoniac smile.

"See here," said the villain; "dost know where I supplied myself with these few gold pieces? Nay, start not, they are good gold, and have only been taken from one who has no farther use for them. They will, however, good Uncle Anthony, go but a small way towards my outfit and a fair start in the country where I purpose to push my fortunes. I hope with better success than has yet attended me here. And now, uncle, as there are some little accounts between us, wherein my calculations show a considerable balance in my favour, and as short reckonings make long friends, I'll

thank you to pay 'to my order,' mark you, in Heidelberg, or Hamburg (I prefer the latter), three thousand pounds sterling."

"Are you mad, young man?" groaned Anthony. "Three thousand pounds! Do you not know that the imperial officers have seized the confiscated estates and sequestered to the crown all the wealth of your hapless father?"

"Ha, ha, ha! do you think such stale devices, such miserable subterfuges will balk me of my share of the spoil? Listen, good uncle," and, seizing Goldstein's wrist with an iron grip, he looked him full in the face. "Last night as I walked on the Hunter's Ridge—you know the spot—I saw two men—two men, mark you—in deep converse. The taller man, pray mark me now, stood near the edge of the Chamois Leap. Well, high words arose, a blow was struck, and the next moment I saw the taller man thrust over the crag by a sudden effort. The victim was my father—the murderer Anthony Goldstein!"

Goldstein was petrified with terror, he stammered a few inarticulate words.

"Yes, the truth of this is known, good uncle, to you and me alone; and as I do not, mark you, take into account anything but that which belongs to this material world in which we now exist"—Anthony shuddered—"I go at once to Hamburg, and tell what I have seen and you have heard. Good Anthony has a motive, it will be seen. He holds the wealth, the jewels, ay, the titled seeds of the lands of the man he murdered. I, the witness, profit not by my honest testimony. That wealth belongs not to the poor illegitimate who invokes justice on the head of his father's murderer. No, all passes to the children of the frivolous Frenchwoman—even the scanty, ill-paid allowance doled out to me by my faithful trustee and uncle, Anthony Goldstein."

He paused, Anthony's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"You do not answer; we are partners, good uncle, in this inheritance. Shall I have the three thousand pounds?"

He relaxed his hold of Anthony, who tottered to a stone hard by, on which he sank.

"Your answer?" he hissed in his ear.

"Come to the inn and I—"

"No, not to the village. There are writing materials in the Hunter's Hut."

"I dare not go thither."

"Who fears the dead doth fear a phantom," sneered the student. "You have done worse by my father, good Anthony, than borrow his pen for so good a purpose as making some restitution to his son. He had yet lived but that he called me illegitimate when I claimed my murdered mother's

rights as my own inheritance. E'en that I passed, but then—but then he struck me when I named his usurping brats, and then I smote him. This to you, good Anthony; to all the world beside I'll swear—unless you play me fair and true—thy hand did slay him. This way; the hut is empty."

So saying, he took the scarce-resisting Anthony by the arm, and in a few minutes the twain were seated at the sidetable and a carefully drawn order on the cashier of Goldstein's banking-house for two thousand pounds (for at the last moment Anthony, true to his instinct, had chafered and abated the villain's demand by one-third) was placed by Leopold in a leather wallet, which he safely deposited inside his vest. He then put forth his hand towards Goldstein, who paused ere he took it.

"There's no stain upon it, my tender-hearted accomplice," said Leopold. "'Tis a well-born hand, and has not known base mechanic toil. Shall I meet you, uncle, in Hamburg?"

Anthony sank his head between his hands and pressed his throbbing temples. He looked up; his tormentor had gone and was already, with active strides, making his way down the mountain side.

It was the third day from the departure of the murderer and his confederate when at early morn a solitary traveller was seen on his way to the Hunter's Hut. He paused at the gorge of the ravine.

He was a stalwart man, clad in the picturesque costume of the better class of Hungarian peasants. An alpine hat of brown felt, with a single heron's feather in its broad brown riband; a jacket and breeches of stout homespun wool, fastened at the knee and trimmed with red worsted braid, formed his attire; but to these were added specialties that marked the hunter. His legs and feet were protected by close-fitting stockings of undressed goat-skin, reaching to just below the knee, cross-gartered with leather thongs, and on his feet he wore sandals, soled with strong horse-hide, with heel and toe pieces secured much after the fashion of our own skates, with tongue-straps and buckles. Over his right shoulder was a broad buff leather belt, which suspended a cartridge-pouch and haversack. In the hollow of his left arm he carried a rifled carbine, while his right hand grasped a stout iron-shod alpenstock.

The sun was already shining along the ravine, which ran north and south, and the hunter shaded his brow with his left hand as he peered along the shaggy defile. It was evident his attention was strongly attracted. Wheeling in circling flights were three or four falcons, a smaller kind of vulture, whose whirling told his practised eye that some lordly eagle or true vulture was at his meal

below, and that these smaller birds of prey were awaiting his departure from his perch on some animal whose hurt from the huntsman or accidental fall had left it a prey to their ravenous beaks. He was quickly on a track which led him to a view of the spot where he knew the carcass must lie.

As he drew nearer he perceived the king of birds with expanded pinions hovering over some dark object which, even to his keen eye, presented no distinct outline.

Nearer and nearer he crept, until from behind a projecting boulder the head of his unerring rifle covered the very eye of the mighty bird. A short, sharp "ping," and the belted bullet spun from the grooved barrel, and with one convulsive spring the monarch of the mountains leaped into the air, then, quick as thought, the mighty wings closed convulsively, and with a heavy "thud" the lifeless bird saluted earth, never again to soar the fields of air or bear away the young lamb or tender kid of the labouring peasant.

Karlovit, for he it was, hastened forward, and there, mangled and disfigured, but yet recognizable, lay the stark body of his master, the lord of Temesvar!

A litter of boughs, borne by husbandmen, soon after conveyed the dead body to the village, where the priest and doctor—for they were united in one person—pronounced, upon examination, that the deceased man had been slain by a dagger or sword, and that the after mutilations were the consequences of his fall.

Finally, the village quidnuncs decided, under the second thoughts and advice of their priest and "papa," that the misfortunes and accumulated miseries of the once mighty nobleman were a sufficient incentive to self-destruction; that he had stabbed himself, and thereafter throwing himself from the cliff had thus ended an insupportable existence.

Accordingly, the next night, by torchlight, the body of the fugitive lord was laid with "maimed rites" in a hole outside the wall of the consecrated burial-ground, as a solemn warning that "the Almighty hath His cannon set against self-slaughter."

There was one, however, who found it hard to accept this solution of the mystery, and this was the sturdy Karlovitz. He had been in the field with the insurrectionary forces, knew well the springy hopefulness, the indomitable courage of Count Leopold of Zamose, his beloved master.

He searched in vain for a probability, a doubt, that he had met with foul play. He knew that he would not, in this craven manner, shrink from the worst that man or fate could menace or inflict. He resolved therefore, as his native place had no longer a charm or a duty to fix him, to wander abroad and seek his living far from the oppressed land of his birth and her foreign taskmasters.

Karlovit, like most of his order, was not without some pecuniary resources. His skill in the chase had brought him a modest store, and this, after the custom of the people, he had hoarded in a safe place in the mountains, at some distance from the hut in which he ordinarily dwelt. Before sunrise on the second day after the internment Karlovitz was busied in a solitary spot with a sharp mattock on the edge of a moss-covered stone, the cornice surrounding which was most artfully concealed by a rich brown lichen.

The stone loosened and lifted displayed a mere bed of clay. This removed, in the centre lay bare a small, strong iron ring, and this again, lifted by a strong pull, disclosed a small box of hard wood, in which lay the accumulated store of the careful Karlovitz.

He raised his treasure from its resting-place and departed.

A short leave-taking of his village friends, who were hearty in their prayers and blessings, and the sturdy Karlovitz was also on his road to Hamburg, towards which then flowed the stream of all German emigration.

And here a little episode occurred which may as well be recounted.

Karlovit had counted out his passage-money, and the clerk asked his name and condition, for insertion in the books of the brokers and the passenger-list of the vessel.

"Karlovit," said the Hungarian.

"Very good," said the clerk, with upheld pen; "son of Charles. What Charles? Charles who?"

And the honest Hungarian found, for the first time in his life, that he wanted a surname.

"Charles—Charles—and what surname?"

The Hungarian had none save that of his lord,

"Chamosh," said he.

"Good, Chamosh; and how do you spell it?"

"Z—m—ose."

"Well, I should call that Zamose. But never mind; and Carl Zamose was entered in both the

te.

The receipt was given, and on the next day the good steamer "Hammonia" was on her voyage.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR story changes its scene into a world so different from that we have just left that it is hard to believe that our modern civilization, which has been described as destroying individuality, can hold within its confines two such contrasted phases.

We are in Paris, gay Paris, and near to its grand Bourse and its money-mart, where merchants, financiers, and fund-jobbers most do congregate. Two revolutions, the one bloodless, the other marked by the sanguinary coup d'état of the 2nd of December, 1852, have each changed a dynasty—the first expelling the House of Orleans, the second seating on an imperial throne the third Napoleon, in the third year of whose reign, amidst the court festivities attending the Emperor's marriage to the fair Eugénie, Countess Thérèse, we once more visit the pleasure capital of Europe and of the world.

Strange thoughts arise as we form these hasty reminiscences. The victories in the Crimea of the allied armies of England and France; the triumphant wars in Italy, which in an after period all but realized the inflated boast of "freeing the peninsula from the Alps to the Adriatic;" the wretched failure in Mexico, with the death of the unfortunate Maximilian; the few years of prosperity when France boasted to rule the policy of Europe. And then the reverse of the shining medal. The infuriated declaration of war against the long-prepared legions of what was soon to prove itself a united Germany; the departure from Paris, amidst cries of "à Berlin," of the disarmed "Army of the Rhine," destined to fall in the fields of Gravelotte, St. Quentin, and Mézières, while its emaciated remnant laid down its arms after starving for months in beleaguered Metz; then the slaughter and flight through the Vosges of MacMahon, crushed at Wissembourg and Wörth; with the crowning capitulation of Sedan, the flight of the Emperor, the captivity of Wilhelm, and, "last scene of all, thus ends this strange, eventful history," the fall of fair Paris herself, her ruin and destruction by the hands of her own populace; and the death in exile at the humble hamlet of Chislehurst of the chief actor in this hideous and rapid drama of a national ruin.

These things were as yet mercifully hidden from the gay court and from the light-hearted people who played in the sunshine of an imperial restoration, which soldiers, courtiers, and sycophants proclaimed to be "la revanche de Waterloo."

Among these who welcomed the re-establishment of a splendid court and the magnificent receptions, balls, and fêtes of the mighty Prefect of the Seine, the Baron Hausman, who had already begun the palatial rebuilding of Paris on "strategic" principles, few were more exultant than the widowed Countess Zamose. Still handsome and vain, she had resumed her French family title of the Countess d'Andemar, and with her son Stephen and her daughter Clotilde inhabited an elegant house in the Faubourg St. Germain, which had opportunely come to her by inheritance from a relative.

As for Stephen, he now held the subaltern rank of enseigne de vaisseau in the French navy, while the pretty Clotilde, at blooming eighteen, had already occasioned a sensation at the public balls in the old aristocratic quarter. Indeed, it was whispered that she was the fiancée of a millionaire baron of German extraction.

It is noon, and we stand in the Rue Castiglione, in front of a vast new stone edifice of massive exterior, with bright windows of thick plate-glass. The large heavy doors of polished mahogany, with double leaves, rotate silently at the slightest pressure on smooth-grooved quadrants of metal, in opposite directions, in accordance with the inscriptions of "in" or "out," while other immense plates of brass bear the words "Braunberg Goldstein Frères et Cie."

Within are seen long paved passages, and through other glazed doors clerks at money desks, each protected by a ground-glass frame, are busied, some in entering figures in huge ruled ledgers, others in shovelling gold coin with steel-tipped copper scoops out of or into drawers beneath the broad counter at which they pay and receive. Everywhere you hear the dead clink of bags, or the livelier rattle of the loose precious metal, as the busy cashiers deal out or pour in the coin.

There is a small eager crowd about one special door of the extensive building, like the "queue" at the pit or gallery door of a London theatre during the run of a popular pantomime. It is that where the "actions" or scrip of the new loan of 40,000,000 francs, whereof Braunberg Goldstein Frères are the contractors, are issued to the people. The other doors of the great building lead to the banking and issue departments, the Crédit Foncier et Mobilier, the bank of foreign exchanges, and the other branches of the mighty house of which Anthony Goldstein is now the senior partner and acknowledged head.

The world has indeed gone prosperously with

that personage. Loans, mines, factories, public works, inventions, canals, railway concessions by various states, steam-ship companies, colonial land-schemes, diamonds in Asia and Africa, gold in Australia and California, silver in Potosi, Mexico, and Peru, all, whether profitable or ruinous to their projectors or shareholders, have served to augment the wealth of the House of Goldstein, until the dream of the medieval alchemists—the stone which should turn all it touched to gold—seemed no longer a fable, but in the assured possession of Anthony Goldstein.

We have already mentioned that Anthony had an only child, a daughter. On her was lavished every accomplishment that wealth could command or affection bestow. Need we say that speculation was already busy in more than one capital with the question of who would be the fortunate man who would find favour in the eyes of the heiress of such enormous wealth as rumour, in this case truly, gave to Anthony Goldstein? Anthony had named his only child Rachel, he hardly knew why, except that that name had been a family favourite, having been borne by his own mother as well as the sister whose melancholy end seemed to him now like a faded dream.

Rachel had grown up as good as she was handsome. She had a strong mind, a candid, ingenuous disposition, and a kind heart, and, having been much left to herself in her earlier years, had acquired a plainness of speech, a simplicity of taste, and a thoughtful independence of spirit, together with such a positive absence of personal vanity that made her a riddle to her waiting-maid and a problem to the frivolous girls of fashion of her own age, who set her down as an absolute eccentric. But it is time we made the reader acquainted with the latest schemes of the plotting Anthony, which that astute personage now flattered himself were rapidly approaching fruition.

There is not infrequently a desire apparent among wealthy commoners to attain some titular distinction which will secure to them a social status, especially in countries where such honours are a passport to higher circles. Though Anthony sought no title for himself, being contented with the barony purchased for his younger brother and partner, he obtained letters of patent (upon purchasing certain lands and paying the crown fees) constituting his daughter Countess of Altstadt, and it was on this rank and territorial title that Rachel Goldstein took her position and precedence in Parisian society. These few preliminaries necessary to the understanding of the schemes of the plotting Anthony having been made clear, we now proceed to the plans themselves.

Had Anthony Goldstein possessed peace of mind while this wondrous tide of wealth flowed in which made him the admiration and talk of the vulgar and the envy of the rich? Far from it. The "still small voice of conscience" never ceased to whisper in his ear that his success was a hollow temptation of the fiend, who now

Is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor,

and that the Nemesis of retribution stood ever ready to expose his crimes and hurl him, here and hereafter, into the gulf of disgrace, ruin and punishment. So strongly did this work on him that he resolved, while still hugging his ill-gotten wealth, to take hostages from fortune. Here was his only daughter, and if he could bring about a marriage between her and the young Stephen would not the treacherous fraud by which he had founded his fortunes be condoned and restitution made to the heir of the murdered Zamose? And then had not he just been gladdened by the extraordinary discovery that not only did his younger brother, the Baron Braunberg, admire the pretty Clotilde, whom the wily Anthony had continued to throw into his society, but he had actually that morning, on the announcement of a grand civic fête at the Hotel de Ville, declared his intention of procuring admission for himself, the Countess d'Andemar and her charming daughter?

Anthony was therefore in great good humour, and the readiness with which he gave a half-holiday for the following Monday to a deputation of clerks who waited upon him, pleading that "all the world" would be at the grand review by the emperor and empress, at the subsequent march-out of the "Army of the East," then under orders for Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, and finally at the illumination of Paris at night, quite surprised and delighted the whole corps of commis who drove quill or steel pen in the employ of Braunberg Goldstein Frères et Cie.

The clerks sent on their way rejoicing, a porter in livery entered.

He was the bearer of a bag of white leather with a brass lock. It contained the foreign and ship letters directed to Goldstein Frères, together with those from Hamburg, Frankfurt, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and its other branches.

Anthony seated himself, and began their perusal. One after another he marked and docketed them for answer by the confidential clerks of the separate department to which each belonged.

He had gone on thus for some half an hour when a yellow-looking packet of coarse paper, bearing a superscription in a hand that was but too familiar arrested his attention. He broke the seal and read as follows:

"Blue Ridge Gap,

"Yarra Yarra River,

"May, 1854.

"GOOD UNCLE ANTHONY,

"When we last parted I had intended never again to risk your refusal to supply my wants. Tries have I posted from Yarra Yarra River a letter to you, giving you a statement of how misery has dogged my steps in this far-distant land. Even here the wealth of Goldstein is a topic of bar-room talk. Yet I am destitute and desperate, and it is evil-purposing while you hold a hungry wolf by the tooth.

"It is indeed, however, pleasant to think, though that will not fill the empty purse or stay the craving stomach, how the little Benjamin, my pretty nephew, hath bloomed into a baron—Baron Braumberg—Heaven save the mark! while I, his accomplished uncle, live like a dog in the streets. Only think, good Anthony, how it must comfort you to find that young Benjamin's 'mess' is greater even than that of his elder brother. As, however, Benjamin does not inquire after his uncle's health his uncle proposes to surprise him by an early visit. This by the way.

"After a long turn at bullock-driving I sank lower, and my latest calling has been a six months' turn at setting up pins and scoring in the alleys of the beer and Bourbon whisky saloons. What think you of that? my millionaire uncle, for the offspring of a Goldstein and the heir of a Zamosc?

"However, let that pass and call to your remembrance a certain night when a certain person was assisted over a cliff in a solitary spot, whereby one Anthony Goldstein obtained much money, many jewels and more land. Now, mark me, unless by the 4th day of July a thousand pounds are placed in the bank here to the credit of Leopold Goldstein and I am duly advised of the same poste restante as above, you may reckon with certainty on a visit, in Paris or Hamburg, from your affectionate nephew
"LEOPOLD GOLDSTEIN."

"To Anthony Goldstein,

"Banker, Hamburg, Europe."

From the bottom of his soul the millionaire groaned.

"Shall I never be rid of this wretched persecution? The desperado must be prevented from coming here at any cost. Yet how? I cannot trust any agent in Austria to communicate with this villain, lest he should betray my horrid secret; which the unscrupulous wretch would not hesitate to do if he could thereby extort more money. I will send the sum he asks—nay, I will double it—in the hope that his furious debauchery will sooner end his odious existence."

With this resolve Anthony carefully placed the letter in a desk, having first torn off the date and signature as a precaution.

Meantime events sped on rapidly. The baron proposed for the hand of Clotilde, and the countess was well nigh beside herself with joy. The "excellent Anthony," as the countess delighted to call him, had supplemented that expensive lady's moderate private fortune by such a handsome allowance and such liberal presents that young Stephen, who had never altogether liked that peculiar personage, was bored to death with his mother's praises of a man who was his aversion. True that the young man could assign no other reason for his prejudice than that of the Oxford freshman.

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;

"The reason why I cannot tell;

"But this I know full well

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Facts, however, were about to be developed which rendered the young man's aversion more intelligible.

This dislike, however, by no means found a counterpart in regard to the Countess Rachel von Alsfeld. Anthony had contrived a racy party and picnic at his seat near Chantilly, whereto he had invited the Countess d'Andemar, her daughter, and especially the ensigne de vaisseau. At this party Rachel did the honours with a grace, ease, and affability that won all hearts.

Already possessed by her father with just so much as he chose to communicate of the family affairs of the Zamoscs, and of his own connection with the House of Tenevar, the romance and misadventures of that noble family had deeply affected the sympathetic girl, and when she saw and conversed with the representative of so much valour, patriotism and misfortune what wonder, as pity is

akin to love, if pity soon strengthened into a warmer and nobler sentiment.

As Rachel took no pains to conceal this in her frank conversation with the Countess d'Andemar that matchmaking and splendour-loving dame was well nigh crazed with joy, which found vent in endless speculations as to the dresses, the jewels, the trousseau, and the extravagant paraphernalia which would be indispensable to the celebration of an alliance between such noble blood on the side of the bridegroom and such untold wealth on the part of the bride.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was a crowd around the little window of the post-office, from which the officials did not deliver general letters, all must call for them at the post-office. Here a clamorous claimant for a letter swore in guttural German, and another applicant inquired, in strong Hibernian accent, if there "was iver a letter for Mister O'Brallaghan from his mother or swateheart, both livin' at Kilmaccolman?"

"Hold your tongue, you Irish nuisance. I should think you've been a dozen times asking for this one: 'Brady Brallaghan, is that it?'"

"Bedad, that's me, for certain—"

And Thady, having secured his epistle, moved off. A rough-looking, haggard loafer presented himself.

"A letter for Leopold Goldstein?" inquired he, with a slight German accent and a manner that bespoke one who had not always been the outcast he now looked.

"I think your correspondent's rather remiss, mister," observed the man, in a civil tone. "It's about two months since you first began putting that question here."

Leopold, for he it was, slunk back. There was no letter.

A stout, thick-set man stepped to the front.

"Any Hamburg letters?" asked he, curtly.

"Yes, several. Your name?"

"Carlos Zamosc," said the stranger, pronouncing the name with its true accent.

"I suppose," rejoined the postmaster, "this must be it," and the letter was handed over.

Whoever had seen the countenance of that haggard man, who the moment before had listlessly watched the proceedings of the postmaster, when the name of Zamosc fell upon his ear might have fixed a fine facial study for the expression of overwhelming astonishment. This, however, soon gave place to one of eager curiosity, and as the Hungarian huntsman made his way through the press the ragged loafer rushed wildly after him, as though he feared to lose sight of his new-found friend.

In ten minutes the hearty and honest Karlovitz was seated in a liquor-shop, when the following continuation of a colloquy took place:

"I cannot doubt your truth," said Karlovitz, "so far as your knowledge of the village of Zier is concerned, and your description of my hat is perfect. But why should you fly farther when you were beyond pursuit of the imperial bloodhounds, and leave Zier at so suspicious a time as that of the murder of my good master, when Heaven will assuredly avenge?" Here the devout mountaineer made a sign of the cross. "That is what I should like you to explain."

"Say you so?" interjected Leopold. That explanation may be nearer than you at present conjecture. But it must receive its proof on European ground, for there dwells the murderer."

Karlovitz started.

"For this have I lived," said he. "For this have I prayed to live. Prove me but this, show me that my loved lord died by foul play, and place the murderer before me, and if he escape me I'll ask no forgiveness—no, not even of Heaven."

"Spoken like a brave fellow and honest huntsman," said Leopold, grasping his hand. "Would that I had met you when a wanderer and fugitive with a price upon my head, I become, by chance, the witness of that fearful deed, which I dared not to denounce. Alas! he added, hypocritically, "when one sees villany so prosper and honesty so cast down one almost questions the justice of Heaven."

"Do not talk so," said the pious mountaineer. "The triumph is but for a while. Truth will not be hid. I will set on foot inquiries that will find out all about these wealthy villains who have robbed the good family I and my ancestors have been born under and served from time of which there is no memory. I have prospered here in my trading, and earned good gold by my industry, and the last penny of it shall go in searching out this foul deed and dragging its perpetrator to a felon's death."

"I can tell you much, my honest friend," said the younger man, "that you as yet know not. I too have wronged to revenge on the rich villain, Anthony Goldstein. He, as I could show, were I in Europe, was left my guardian. He was trusted by my

father, of whom I will tell you more hereafter, with the payment of my sustenance and an allowance for my support as a gentleman. But I was wild, and, why should I conceal it? I fell, like many young men, into bad company. I died, and drank, and gambled, and when ruined and compelled to fly my native place the cunning Anthony gave me a large sum of money to emigrate; and since then, though I am distinctly of his own blood and kin, he has left me, as you see, to perish in misery and destitution. Will you not then help me to bring down justice on the head of this miscreant?"

"He is, as I have said, of my kin, and my mother loved him much; nay, my father did the same for that matter, seeing that he is a smooth and respectable villain, who keeps the semblance of honesty so constantly before the world that it will be hard for poor folks like us to obtain a hearing before the tribunals, while, if we forewarn him of our intentions, such is the power of gold that we might find ourselves the victim of a prosecution for conspiracy and a plot to extort money by threats of a dreadful charge against a good and worthy and what is more, friend Karlovitz, a wealthy citizen—so wealthy that the ministers of the law, from the common policeman up through the attorney, the advocates, ay, and the bench itself, would press eagerly to serve him and to crush the poor and needy wretches who would dare (of course for the vile purposes of extortion) contrive and commit perjury, thereby to blast the fair fame of so great, so charitable, so honourable, so liberal, so useful a man as the millionaire to whom even princes and nobles are indebted for temporary and welcome accommodation."

Poor Karlovitz fell into a brown study. He had not a very clear notion of the task he had set himself, yet he never for an instant swerved in his determination.

After a pause Leopold continued:

"Did you know, honest Karlovitz, the Countess Zamosc and her children?"

"I did. The heir, young Stephen, first bent a bow of my making, and first rode a mountain garr of my breaking. But what of this? The Countess fled from Zamosc, as I heard, and went home to her friends in France."

"True; but she was belied and deceived by the scoundrel Goldstein. He prepared the means for her flight, he induced her to leave Hungary on the pretence that death had overtaken the unhappy count—thus 'discounted,' as he would have called it, by a few days."

Karlovitz felt his hair creep on his head with horror.

"Yes, from the castle he hastened to the mountains, and the hunter's hut you know so well, and there—my blood freezes as I recall that fearful scene—while his unsuspecting victim walked in deep converse with his betrayer on the narrow path that borders the Chamois Leap, one sudden thrust threw the brave soldier sheer o'er the precipice into the yawning chasm below."

"And you saw this?" asked the awe-struck hunter.

"I did."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Karlovitz. "Thou knowest more or less than thou darest to tell me. I saw the mangled corpse of my brave lord. His breast bore the sharp gash by which the weapon of the assassin had entered and pierced that noble heart. Tell me, I say, and Karlovitz rose in wrath from his seat, 'tell me how—'"

"Why, thou'rt mad, good friend. Have I not told thee that I witnessed the scene from afar, and that it was only by the outline of two figures (whom I knew well) against a moonlit sky, fitfully obscured by clouds, that I beheld the fall? The fact you now impart merely proves to me that the cold-blooded villain had armed himself with some deadly weapon, doubtless fearing that his unaided bodily strength might fail at the crisis. 'Tis now clear that a sudden stab lent fatality to that thrust."

Karlovitz's doubts were as suddenly appeared as they had been awakened. Nothing appeared to him more satisfactory than this solution.

He hastened to apologize to his newly found guest. More spirits were then called for and consumed almost in silence.

(To be continued.)

A TELEGRAM from Copenhagen states that Hans Christian Andersen, on the occasion of his seventeenth birthday, on the 2nd ult., received from the king the Cross of Commander of the Dannebrog Order. Deputations had arrived from various parts to present him their congratulations. A splendid edition of one of his works was also published in fifteen different languages in celebration of the event.

SUDDEN CHANGE OF AIR.—The popular and almost universal notion that it is dangerous to go out from a warm room into cold air arises from the misapprehension and fallacy of confusing such trans-

tion with the leaving a heated room, where fatigue and perspiration have been induced with insufficiency of warm clothing, and in that state encountering the chill of a cold draught, or of a very low temperature. That, however, it will be observed, is altogether a different affair, and a very insufficient ground for the most reprehensible myth which has been fabricated from it—namely, that the delicate and young can be hardened by exposure to the cold. The frequent vicissitudes of the English climate are undeniable features in its meteorology; but Dr. Mann's own experience, gained in a large degree in what is popularly termed a more genial and a less changeable climate, has left him with a strong conviction that even in England quite as much is gained as lost, if the matter is understood rightly and such expedients as our civilized facilities enable us to apply are brought into play.

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE.

CHAPTER VI.

For a time Horace Moore found it difficult to hold his thoughts down to the work of a calm analysis of the subject-matter comprehended in the scope of the suspicions which had presented themselves, or which had been presented by Matt Bungo; but he came to it at length, and as reason began to work clearly he found possible solutions not difficult.

On the day following his interview with Matt Sugg Witkill had the wheel from ten o'clock until meridian. While he stood there Horace went to the binnacle, and presently spoke of the ship's course, at the same time looking the man straight in the eye. Witkill could not answer the look. His eyes fell, and he pretended to be watching the card of the compass, which pretence was bungling and abortive.

The mate stood there until he saw drops of perspiration starting out upon the man's brow and temples, and then, with a commonplace remark concerning the wind and the course, he turned back to the taffrail. And he said to himself when he was alone: "Of all the men in this ship that man alone cannot look me in the eye. Other men are as wicked as he, but they do not wince when I look at them. It is the evil in his heart which has me for its object that produces this result. The thing is as plain as the shadow of the sun. Matt is right. That man means me ill."

And beyond this his thoughts ran something after this fashion:

"I certainly have every reason to believe that Walter Hargrave made a will in my favour, prompted thereto by his own love and good-will. Edith Somerby is sure the will was destroyed by Lyon's connivance. It may be that the will is still in existence, or that proofs of its destruction are wanting. If such is the case, Lyon Hargrave sees in me a possible barrier to his coveted fortune. Oh! if I could only see through the mystery! But I can suspect this villainous-looking emissary—and I do suspect him. Time may reveal it. Heaven help me!"

Time passed on. The ship had crossed the equator, and was approaching the southern tropic. One afternoon Captain Percy observed signs to the southward which did not look to him fair.

"I should hardly look for a squall in this place, and at this time," he said to his first mate, "but that certainly looks like it."

"I have known squalls here, sir," returned Huxton; "and when they come they are apt to be short and sweet. I think I should prepare for it."

All hands were called, but all hands did not at once make their appearance. The watch below remained in the fore-castle, and Mr. Huxton leaped down with a rope's end in his hand. He came upon the conclave there assembled unexpectedly, and heard words spoken that staggered him.

"How!" he cried, with an oath, "have you got a game of that kind on foot? On deck to shorten sail, and after that we will look into this. Look to yourself, Phil Grover! Let me see a wink out of the way, and I'll send a bullet through your brain! On deck! and I'll call you aft when this other danger is provided for."

The men went on deck, though more than one of them gave signs that he would have throttled the mate had he dared; but Charles Huxton was not a man to be openly assailed, especially when he was armed and forewarned.

It was now near sundown, and white caps of foam could be seen in the distance. The ship was put with her stern in that direction, and her sail stripped off as fast as possible. The lofty sails had been taken in, the topsail yards lowered, and the sails clewed up, and the courses were being taken in, when the squall struck.

It was a terrific shock, and beneath the mighty stroke the ship almost went under; but she struggled

up, and by heroic exertion only one sail was lost. The spanker had not been loosed from its outhaul when the tornado came, and the sail was rent from throat to clew-tringle, and then blown into ribbons.

Mr. Huxton stood by the starboard brace-bumkin when the squall struck, and through the blinding sheet of spray that was dashed high and far over the ship he saw the wreck of the spanker, and he also saw that the heavy boom was loose.

"Look out for the boom!" he cried. "Jump to the sheets, and secure it amidships. Crotch the spanker-boom for your lives!"

They were the last words ever heard from the lips of Charles Huxton. On the next moment was heard the cry

"A man overboard!"

This was repeated from poop to fore-castle. Captain Percy had stood at the wheel, and had seen his mate by the quarter-rail, and heard his order for securing the spanker-boom; but in the fury of the dashing spray he had not seen plainly.

"Who has gone?" he cried, springing to the rail and grasping it for support.

"I think it's Mr. Huxton, sir," said Philip Grover, who stood near, with the spanker sheet in his hand.

"Silence, fore and aft!" thundered the captain through his trumpet. "Cut away the life-buoys! Stand by to lower the boats!"

Beyond this he could not give an immediate order, as the ship was then completely under water; but in a very few moments the squall had passed, and the shock was felt no more. It had come and gone almost with the rapidity of lightning, and while the "Speedwell" was settling down quietly upon the slightly ruffled waters.

And now Captain Percy not only lowered away the boat from the stern-davits but he got out a cutter, and he divided a sufficient number of his crew, and sent them out upon the search. The passing of the hurricane had not left a dangerous sea, and the boats put off with no fear on the part of their occupants. When his boats had gone, under charge of Mr. Moore, Percy made sail, so bracing the yards that the ship could not drift away from the spot where the officer had been lost.

But all search proved vain. Muskets were discharged, rockets were sent up, and as the night shut in buoys were sent adrift with gleaming lights attached. Four long hours had passed, and the darkness had shut down like a pall. Not a sign of the lost man had been seen, not a sound had been heard.

As a last resource Captain Percy left his ship in charge of his second mate, and went himself forth in the cutter, with bright torches flaming at bow and stern, but it availed not. At midnight, with heavy, aching heart, Percy gave the order to fill away. A new spanker had been bent, and save that one vacant place at the cabin board the passing tempest had left no trace.

"Horace," said John Percy, taking our hero's hand, and addressing him as he might have addressed a brother, "I must put the ship to your hands for the next watch. You and I are no longer on the same list. You are henceforth First Mate of the 'Speedwell.' Go up and set your watch, and if you can come back here do so. There is a heavy weight on my mind. The larboard watch is now yours. Come back if you find a man you can trust with the deck."

"Captain Percy! Do you suspect foul play in this?"

"Yes, my boy—yes, Mr. Moore. As Heaven is above, Charles Huxton was not accidentally knocked overboard. I saw him but a moment before, and I know that the spanker-boom never reached him. But no more now. Go on deck. The larboard watch is the mid-watch, and I give it to you. See everything as it should be, and then come back. Oh! Charles and I have been mates for years. He was a true man, with a true heart. There is mischief afoot. I will be up when you come down."

Horace Moore went on deck, where he found the ship on her course under charge of Mr. Lander; and he heard murmurings from a few that the watch had not been relieved.

"Easy, my men," he said, pleasantly. "The captain is under a cloud. I will take the larboard watch, and for the present I must take one man from the other watch to assist me, and then the starboard watch may go below. I would like Sugg Witkill to come into the watch with me. That is the only change that will be necessary."

Sugg Witkill was confounded at this. What to make of it he did not know. Could Horace Moore have really and truly taken such a fancy to him? But, lay the land as it might, he could not accept. He stammered and stuttered, and finally asked that he might be allowed to remain with his old watch-mates.

"I will not urge you against your express

desire," said our hero, with a show of earnest good feeling. "I want a good seaman to come with me into the new watch, and I know that you, Witkill, are such. Can you recommend to me a man such as I want?"

Never was a man more completely taken aback than was Sugg Witkill at that moment. The thought that the mate was trifling did not enter his mind.

"Select me a good man from your watch, Witkill, and I will take him," pursued Moore, seeing plainly that the rascal was unsuspecting of the ruse.

Now it so happened that Matt Bungo stood by Witkill's side, and with a nudge he whispered:

"Plague take it, Sugg, I'll go. Tell him so."

And Witkill, as innocently as could be, recommended Matt Bungo to the mate as the man whom he should take.

"Bungo, will you come into the larboard watch with me?" asked Moore.

"Yes, sir, if you wish it."

"He's a good man, sir," said Witkill, beginning to feel more like himself, "and I think you'll like him."

Matt Bungo was transferred to the larboard watch and very soon thereafter the starboard watch was allowed to go below.

"Mr. Moore, did you really want Sugg in your watch?" asked Matt.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you did it so natural-like, and so easy, that I almost took you to be in earnest."

"Well, Matt, I have got now just what I wanted—Matt Bungo was my mark."

"Thank you, sir."

"And now, Matt, I want you to take the deck for a little while. I must go below and speak with the captain."

"I'll keep all safe and trim, sir."

Horace had reached the cabin door when a touch upon the shoulder caused him to stop and turn. It was Matt, who had followed him from the gang-way.

"Mr. Moore, you said you were going to see the captain. Do you know what he wants of you?"

"I can guess."

The rough seaman stood for a moment irresolute; then he laid his hand upon the mate's shoulder and said:

"Horace Moore, the time has gone by for secrets between you and me. If Captain Percy asks you how Mr. Huxton came to fall overboard you can tell him he was pushed."

"Matt!"

"It's just as I say, sir."

"Matt Bungo, do you know that Mr. Huxton was purposely knocked overboard?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"I couldn't exactly swear to that, sir; but I can tell you why he was sent over so soon. When all hands were called to take in sail you may remember that the watch below didn't move in a hurry, and that Huxton went into the fore-castle to call 'em. He sprang down the ladder at a bound, and was just in time to hear a speech that surprised him. It was a speech of mutiny, sir; and he was foolish enough to let himself out. Only for that you wouldn't be standing his watch now."

Horace saw that the man was earnest and sincere, and the situation flashed upon him—flashed upon him with a force that for the moment confounded him. In this light he could now understand many things that had before puzzled him. Mutterings, and whisperings, and mysterious glances and nods, which had been observed for some days back, could under this flash be accounted for. As soon as he could command himself he took the sailor's hand.

"Matt, answer me this. Is Sugg Witkill the leader?"

"No, sir, not the leader; but he comes next to it."

"Is it Philip Grover?"

Matt hesitated. He cast his eyes quickly around to be sure he was not overheard by another, and then whispered:

"Leave it in my hands for the present, sir. It'll soon come to a head, and I shall know the whole thing. I am trusted, sir. I had never thought till this trial came that a bad name could bless anybody; but my bad name has proved a blessing to me in this! Because I have been a bad man these bad men trust me, and they really believe that I am with them heart and hand. Sugg Witkill doesn't suspect me of a single white feather. He thinks I am black all through. There is mutiny, sir, and as soon as the plans are laid you shall know them. You may trust me. Only, sir, be very careful that you don't expose yourself. And don't let the captain do it either. Don't by word or look, let a man

on board this ship have reason to fancy that you suspect anything out of the way."

"You may trust me for that, Matt; and I will vouch for Captain Percy. But, tell me, how many of the crew are implicated in this?"

"More than you would believe, sir. I shall know all in a day or two, and be sure you shall have the information as soon as it is settled. There—we'd better not talk any more now. There's danger in both watches. Trust to me, sir."

"Bless you, Matt! I trust you fully. Look to the deck while I am gone."

Horace found Captain Percy sitting at the table with an open chart before him, and, having made sure that they were alone, he took a seat on the opposite side.

"With whom have you left the deck, Mr. Moore?"

"With Matt Bungo."

Percy started, and presently reached over and laid his hand upon that of his mate.

"Horace, you must not trust that man."

"Our hero did not evince nor affect any surprise. He simply asked:

"Why not trust him?"

"He is a bad man," said Percy, with bitter emphasis.

"He is one of the very worst, if I can believe my eyes. Hush!"

The captain rose and went to the door of the bulkhead, and, having satisfied himself that no eavesdroppers were near, he resumed his seat.

"Horace Moore, there is mutiny on board this ship!"

The mate did not express any surprise. Calmly returning his commander's look, he answered:

"I wish I could not believe it; but the evidence is strong. You spoke, sir, as though you suspected foul play in the loss of Mr. Huxton. Can you tell me what reason you have for such suspicion?"

"I have this reason," returned the chief, with knitted brow and blazing eye. "I saw Charles Huxton standing by the rail. When he gave the order for securing the sparker-boom I was looking at him. Just then a shroud of the streaming sparker snapped in my face, and for the moment blinded me. In a moment more Huxton was gone. No piece of rigging was flying near him. He must have been fairly lifted over the rail."

"Have you any thought who did it, sir?"

"Yes. I think Philip Grover did it. He was the one who gave the alarm."

"Captain Percy, in one direction your suspicions lead you falsely. Matt Bungo is a true friend to both you and me, and we must trust him implicitly in this emergency."

"Horace, what intelligence have you?"

"That which I have gained since I left you last, Listen, sir."

And thereupon the mate told to his chief all he had learned from Bungo.

"Matt associates with them, sir, and they believe him to be one of their best men. Grover is evidently at the head of the mutiny, and Witkill comes next. How many are pledged I do not know, but I know that we shall have ugly men to deal with."

Captain Percy was no coward, but his cheeks blanched and his lip quivered as he listened to his mate's story. He knew very well that his crew was composed of men in whom the dangerous element predominated. In fact, when he came to reflect upon the matter, and call the men to mind, one by one, he knew not any whom he could fully trust. There were many who could never have headed a murderous mutiny, but he could think of only one or two who would be likely to stand out free and clear of the mutinous influence.

"I acknowledge," he said, "that I have misjudged Matt Bungo. We will trust him. When we know the villains' plans we can take measures to thwart them. It is very likely known by them that we have a large sum of money on board, and they also know that most of our cargo could be readily sold or bartered at any African port. They intend, most likely, to rise before we reach Cape Town."

"That will not give them a long time, sir."

"No."

"I believe, captain, that we shall circumvent them."

"If we can know their plans beforehand."

"I'll stake my life upon Matt Bungo's truth. When he knows we shall know; and in the meantime let you and me keep our own secret. We can work better so."

"You are right, Horace. We will not let even our suspicions be known. Do you keep your countenance, and I will keep mine. And let us not borrow unnecessary trouble. I know we have a dangerous crew, but, forewarned, we will be a match for them. And now let us close this conference."

ference. You must not be too long absent from the deck."

After a farther word of caution Horace returned to his post, but did not seek Matt.

On the following day the crew were mustered upon the quarter-deck, when Horace Moore was announced as first mate, William Lander to be second mate, and Tom Martin to be third mate—to be respected and obeyed accordingly.

The night of that day shut in dark and sultry, and when, at eight o'clock, Percy and Moore came to compare notes they had discovered much. They had seen signs which were not to be mistaken.

"Moore," said the captain, holding his mate's hand as he spoke, "this mutiny is thoroughly cut and dried, and I tell you nearly every man is implicated. Have an eye about you, sir. I shall not sleep to-night. You will see Bungo on deck?"

"Yes, and there goes eight bells. I will look sharp, sir."

It was Moore's watch from eight until midnight. He had seen the men at their stations and was standing by the binnacle when a piece of rope-yarn struck his face. He looked around and saw by the mizzen rigging a man, who seemed to be beckoning to him.

"Ah, is it you, Matt?"

"Yes, sir. Hush! Come aft to the taffrail. We mustn't be seen."

The man spoke breathlessly, as though under strong excitement, and the mate felt his own heart throb painfully as he led the way to a spot where he might meet his strange friend in safety.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now, Matt, what is it?"

"Hush! Let us be sure we are not observed."

"You may speak freely, Matt, but softly."

"Then, sir," said the seaman, in a breathless, painfully constrained voice, "the mutineers have planned to rise this very night! It is to be done—the blow is to be struck—when the mid-watch is called. All hands will then be on deck, and at a signal from Grover his party will spring together at the mainmast, and every man will be armed. Full three-quarters of the crew are in the compact. Of course their next movement will be simple. They anticipate little effective opposition."

"Phil Grover is the recognized leader, is he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is next?"

"Sugg Witkill."

Horace Moore was thoroughly alarmed, but not unduly excited. In his alarm there was no weakness. He reflected for a few moments, and then asked:

"Can you tell me how many of the crew are engaged with eager, willing spirit in this work—that is, how many would be willing to be recognized as leaders?"

"Not more than eight, sir."

"Can you give me their names?"

"I think I can, sir. You'll find them on this bit of paper, put down just as I think they stand. They've got me third on their list, and I am to take the wheel the moment the signal is given, and if I find a man there not of us I am to knock him on the head."

"And the officers—what do they plan to do with us?"

"You should know, sir. Look at the characters of the mutineers. Surely they would think of but one thing to do with you."

"They would murder us?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what then? What do they plan to do with the ship?"

"That is not fully determined, sir. All agree that they will run to the northward, and it is also agreed that the cargo shall be disposed of on the coast. Grover and Witkill are in favour of making direct for the Slave Coast, and there trading off the cargo for slaves, keeping the money which they know is on board. They will then repaint and disguise the ship and make sail for Cuba."

The mate laid his hands upon the taffrail and leaned his head upon them, and thus he remained for a full minute. When he looked up Bungo said:

"It is just exactly as I have told you, sir, and now you may put me to any work you choose and I will do my best. But, sir, it will be a hard pull. Numbers are greatly against us. In fact, I don't know of more than ten men, all told—and that includes every officer—who could be depended upon, and two or three of those will be invited to join the mutineers when the time comes."

"How is Tom Martin?"

"He is true blue, sir. He is marked out to be shot down with you and the captain. And now, Mr. Moore, can you think of some way of working to

windward of the villains? It must be done, or all is lost. If you let eight bells strike again on board this ship without running those rascals unexpectedly by the board, you'll never see the rising of another sun."

"Where is Grover?" asked the mate, after a pause.

"He is forward, sir, in charge of the fore-castle."

Another pause, and then Moore said:

"I must go into the cabin and see the captain. Will you be at hand when I return?"

"I will, sir."

"Have you pistols, Matt?"

"I have one."

"I will bring you more. Keep your eyes and ears open while I am gone."

"Never fear, sir."

Two bells (nine o'clock) were struck as the mate left the deck. He entered the cabin, and found the captain and supercargo, Dwinall, sitting at the table, the former with a chart open before him. Lander was asleep in his berth. The moment Percy looked up and caught the expression upon the face of his first officer he knew there was calamity at hand. Moore stopped very lightly across the floor, and when he reached the table he sat down. Both the captain and the supercargo looked at him anxiously, waiting for him to speak. Dwinall had been warned of the approaching danger, so he was not to be taken entirely by surprise.

"Captain Percy," said the mate, in a whisper, "the hour is at hand! This very night, at the calling of the mid-watch, the mutineers have planned to strike."

"Stop," interposed Percy. "Let us have Lander here. He has a strong arm and a true heart, even though his wit is not brilliant."

The second mate was called, and when he had taken his seat at the board Mr. Moore gave in detail the information he had received from Bungo.

Those who have spent long months on shipboard, with only the trackless ocean for a surrounding, may be able to understand something of the situation of the officers of the "Speedwell" in this dire emergency. Mutiny at sea is a very different thing from mutiny on land. Let the danger be never so appalling, and the odds never so great, there can be no backing away—no flight from the impending blow. The walls of the most massive prison are not so impassable as are those walls of endless waters that shut in the victims of a ship's mutiny. Those were brave men who sat at the cabin table, but we cannot wonder that their cheeks blanched for the moment under the weight of Moore's revelation. Captain Percy was the first to break the silence.

"Let me see the paper which Bungo gave you."

Mr. Moore passed over the paper—a scrap from the blank leaf of an old book—on which eight names had been written with a pencil. The captain examined it critically, giving particular attention to each name.

"Phil Grover and Sugg Witkill," he finally said, "are known to us. Grover has been restive and malevolent from the first, and Witkill is a villain double-dyed. And Piper, the carpenter, is a bold, bad man. I do not think he would have had the brain to plan a mutiny, but he can make a good and effective helper. McFarlain and John Towley are scamps, and have probably helped in the plotting. And Dick Smith might pull upon a pinch. Then we have Black Sam and Basil Giroux, two unadulterated villains, with just brain enough to follow the lead of others. It is a wicked and dangerous combination."

"And I understand that there are sixteen others who will join the mutineers when the signal is given?" said Dwinall, gaspingly.

"Yes," answered Moore.

"And that leaves only ten of us to withstand four-and-twenty."

"We cannot absolutely depend upon more than six," said Moore. "We four, with Tom Martin and Matt Bungo, are all we can safely swear by. Life is dear, and should the mutineers gain possession of the deck I fear those few seamen who have not yet been approached would join them rather than suffer death. At this present moment six of us must seize the threatened danger. What do you think of it, Captain Percy?"

Percy bowed his head upon his hand, and after a time he acknowledged that he knew not what to think.

"At all events," said Lander, doggedly, "we will sell our lives as dearly as possible. We have plenty of fire-arms, and can make a little stand, at least."

"You mean," suggested Horace, "should they attack us?"

"Yes."

"Ah, that must not be. If we allow their signal to be given all the fire-arms in the ship cannot save us. We must circumvent them. We are forewarned and let us make good the advantage."

"But how?" asked the captain and the second-mate at a breath.

Without answering Horace Moore arose and paced several times across the cabin. At length he stopped and stood by the table. His lip quivered, and there was a tremulousness in the hand which he laid upon the captain's shoulder, but there was no fear in the sign. The deep, fiery light that gleamed in his lustrous eyes would have told that.

"Captain Percy," he said, in a whisper, "let us get out the best of our fire-arms and carefully load them. We want at least a score of heavy pistols, and as many of the smaller ones. Do you do this, and allow me to go on deck. I must not be too long absent. When you have them all prepared let Mr. Dwinall come and inform me."

"What have you planned?" asked the captain, excitedly.

"My plan is not very clear. I must go on deck and think. We must contrive some way to knock down a part of the enemy's hamper with a long shot. I have the shadowings of a plan which may work to our advantage if you find nothing better. You will prepare the arms?"

"Yes."

"And let me know when it is done. Ha! there goes three bells! I have been from my post half an hour."

The "Speedwell" had crossed the southern tropic and had entered upon the latitude of the north-westerly currents of wind, so that she was now standing on her course with the wind abaft the beam.

When Horace Moore reached the deck he found all apparently as he had left it. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, and the night was fair. The breeze was moderate, and the ship was sailing with topgallant-sails set above full topsails. He found Martin, the newly made mate, at the binnacle, and with a touch upon the shoulder he called him aside to the quarter-mast, where he unfolded to him the situation. Tom had suspected the meeting, but had known nothing of the appointed time. It is not strange that he quivered a little when he had heard.

"What will we do?" he asked.

"Are you prepared to stand by the ship?" rejoined Horace.

"To the last!" was the emphatic answer.

"Then I hope we may do much. Don't leave the quarter-deck again during the watch, but stand by to move as I shall direct."

Martin promised to be faithful and watchful, and after this Horace sought Matt Bango, with whom he held a brief but comprehensive consultation.

"You remember the names you gave me upon that paper?" said our hero, at the close.

"Yes."

"And if we have occasion to call away the boat will you do your best to see that those men go in it?"

"I will, sir."

"All right. Stand by and be steady."

Shortly after this Dwinall came from the cabin and whispered to Horace that the arms were all prepared, and the mate followed him back, where he told to the captain the plan he had formed.

"Good!" cried Percy, with a new sparkle of the eye. "Well thought of, Horace. By heavens! if you succeed in this we'll have them! We will stand by to appear when all hands are called, and we will have the arms at hand."

Horace Moore returned to the deck, where for a time he paced to and fro on the larboard side, the wind being upon that quarter. By-and-by he called Matt Bango.

"Mat," said he, as the man appeared, "will you go and find Phil Grover, and send him aft? Don't let any one else hear the order if you can possibly avoid it."

"I'll be careful, sir."

Matt went forward as directed, and found Grover sitting upon the fore-castle companion hatch, and finding no one else within earshot he said:

"Phil, Mr. Moore wants to see you aft."

"What does he want?" inquired Grover, with an oath.

"I think 't's about giving you some sort of a better berth."

Another oath, long drawn out and very expressive, and then:

"We'll take the berths for ourselves, Matt, before another sun comes up. But I'll go and see him."

The mutineer found the mate standing by the lee-rail, close by the brace-bunkin.

"Mr. Moore, did you want me?"

"Ah, Grover—yes."

And the mate stood aside and motioned for the man to come nearer.

Grover obeyed instinctively, and stood by Horace's side leaning against the rail.

"The captain and I have been talking the matter over since Huxton was lost, and we have concluded to give you a berth more suited to your merits. Do you think you can appreciate it, and hold on to it?"

"I can tell you better after I know what it is."

There were insolence and ill-concealed triumph in the tone.

"This life!"

The mate had cautiously stepped away from the rail, and as he spoke he smote his fist with lightning-like velocity directly between Grover's eyes, and then, in an instant, with one hand upon the villain's throat, and the other under his legs, he threw him overboard. And then Moore started back and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Man overboard! Man overboard! Call all hands! All hands!"

Matt Bango had been ready, and the moment he heard the alarm he rushed to the fore-castle hatch and shouted for dear life.

The ship was quickly brought to the wind, the courses clewed up, with the main-top-sail aback, and by this time all hands were on deck, and Captain Percy had taken command.

"Who is gone?" came from many of the crew.

"It's Phil Grover," answered Bango. "He was out on the lee-bunkin, taking a turn out of the main-brace. Come—come—let us who are his friends go in the boats. We'll have him back. He can swim like a fish."

Meantime orders had been given for lowering the boat, which was placed in charge of Piper, the carpenter. The sea was not rough, and there was no difficulty in either lowering or manning. Sugg Witkill, eager to save his mate, jumped into the boat with Piper, and overhauled the tackle as she was lowered, and when she had touched water the others of her crew slid down by the falls.

Matt Bango was busy and eager, calling lustily for the friends of the lost man to save him, and thus, as the manning of the boat was left entirely to him, he managed to send down the seven marked men to go in quest of the eighth. Those in the boat had evidently thought he would go with them; but as there were only six ears her crew was complete, so she was unhooked and pulled away.

"To his station, every man!" ordered Captain Percy as soon as the boat had put off.

And as soon as the crew had dispersed from the taffrail, where many of them had assembled to watch operations, the arms were brought out from the cabin and distributed to those for whom they were intended.

Thus armed, and in possession of the after part of the quarter-deck, the little band stood firm. A man not yet implicated in the mutiny was at the wheel, where he was allowed to remain.

"Main-brace!" shouted the captain. "Stand by to fall away!"

The men forward were thunder-struck. What did the captain mean? Was he going to run away from his own boat, manned by his own men in mid-ocean?

"Let go to windward! Brace up! Quick!"

It was one of those emergencies where the men could not stop to think. They were used only to obeying, not to thinking. Of the pledged mutineers their leaders were gone, so none were present to think effectively in that direction.

The yards of the mainmast were braced to the wind, the lower sails set, and the ship once more put upon her course, before the crew could fairly comprehend what was being done. The men worked like machines moved by a master hand, and not one of them stopped to ask a question of the officers until the order to "belay all" had been given. And even then they had no need to ask, for Captain Percy ordered all hands to the forward part of the quarter-deck as soon as the braces had been secured. Among the remaining mutinous ones there was no recognized leader—no man who had independently had a thought on the subject. They had been but followers of the leading spirits—spirits no longer present to guide them—and when the order came for them to lay aft to the quarter-deck they obeyed mechanically. Lanterns had been hung upon either side, and by the light thereof the men could see that the officers were armed and firm.

Matt Bango was not with those at the poop. His pistols were concealed, and he stood with the men at the mainmast, ready to strike in the proper place should there be need, but preferring to retain the confidence and good-will of the crew if he could, as not one of them could have reason for suspecting him of having betrayed the secret of the mutineers. Captain Percy advanced a pace, with a cocked pistol in each hand.

"My men," he said, with stern solemnity, "your cruel wickedness is known to me. I have known for days that mutiny was brewing in this ship, and I have known your leaders. They exposed them-

selves. The eight men who are gone from us I shall leave to the mercy of the waters. It would have been both murder and suicide for me to have kept them here. I know that they were your leaders, and I am willing to believe that you who now stand before me were but tools in their hands. Now mark me: Those of you who are ready and willing to return to your duty, and will pledge me your faith for the rest of the voyage, may step aft to the weather side of the quarter-deck; and I promise you that I will forgive you for the past. If there be any among you who are not thus inclined, remain where you are!"

There was a deep and fatal significance in this last sentence. Only five armed men stood before them, but the stricken crew felt themselves completely at their mercy. The men, in their haste, had come upon deck without arms, and if there were any among them who had inclination to resist they knew not whom of their shipmates they could trust.

Matt Bango was the first to move. Turning to his comrades, he said:

"It's all up, mates, and I, for one, am glad of it. I'm sorry for Phil and Sugg, and the rest; but I'd rather have it so than to have the red stain of murder on my hands. I'll do my duty—and when I say that I mean it, honest."

And he went over upon the weather side of the quarter-deck.

And others followed him in a line—followed until every man had left the old spot by the mainmast, thus declaring that he would be true and dutiful henceforth. And then Captain Percy sent the off-watch below and gave the deck up to his mate.

On the following morning Percy observed that not a few of his men were shy and tremulous, and he rightly judged the cause.

After breakfast all hands were again mustered upon the quarter-deck.

"My men," said the captain, when they had assembled, "answer me truly. Don't you feel better this morning as you are than you would have felt if you had been permitted to do matiny and murder?"

The answer was not immediate, but when it came it was spontaneous, hearty, and unanimous. They were glad to be as they were, and their faces showed it.

"Now, my men," said Percy, with a beaming face, "to your stations, and let us see if we cannot make a prosperous voyage of it."

And from that time all went well. Matt Bango became chief among the foremost hands, and he kept them in the right way.

They did not suspect the double part he had played in the mutiny, but they regarded him as a penitent sinner with themselves, and were willing to be led by him.

Between Horace Moore and Matt Bango a strong, strange tie was formed. Our hero had an impression that the end of his friend's service was yet to come, but how or in what direction he could not imagine. There were mysterious signs in Bango's looks, and occasionally by accident mysterious words were dropped; but Horace was willing to wait, trusting that it would all come out in good time.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Ingleside things moved on through the winter quite evenly. Lyon Hargrave drank a great deal of brandy, and had much company.

Ordinarily, a young man, in like situation, with a million of property at command, and of convivial habits, would have squandered his money, but not so the host of Ingleside. He was an adept in the art of gambling, and among those who accepted his hospitality were many young gentlemen of means, who, under the influence of rare old wines, and often stronger liquors, played recklessly, and lost heavily.

A few of them suspected, at length, the true character of their host, and accepted his invitations no more; but the greater part of them thought him a "glorious fellow," and paid dearly for their association.

Toward the servants of the old place Lyon was careless and kind—kind because he had no reason to be unkind. He had brought from London a valet in the person of one Dick Bunker, who had been a marker of billiards, barkeeper in a concert-saloon, jockey on the race-course, and an accomplished dealer at faro. This fellow was gentlemanly in his appearance, small of frame, and elegantly proportioned, dressing exquisitely, and wearing diamonds. He jumped at the opportunity of the service, which the master of Ingleside offered him, and he sure he was not an idle spectator of the games of hazard which were played in the great drawing-room.

Dick Bunker was accomplished in more ways than one, but those who had looked deepest into his character would not have hesitated to assert that his most brilliant accomplishments lay in the way of

villany. Dick never drank to intoxication, but Lyon sometimes did, so the man was always at hand to care for the master in his helpless moods, and thus the other servants did not know the truth of the master's life.

With the beginning of the New Year Lily Merton received a letter from Horace Moore. It had been brought home by a ship which the "Speedwell" had met at sea, and had been enclosed in a package to Mr. Alfred Dwinall. The package had been wet with sea-water, and the old merchant had enclosed the letter in a fresh envelope, which he superscribed and prepaid with his own hand. But for the soil and grime of the sea, and the fresh envelope of Mr. Dwinall, with the simple postmark, Lily might never have got that letter.

The missive was tender and loving, and told of her hero's adventures to the date of writing. One paragraph in it puzzled her, or at least exercised her curiosity to a great extent. It was as follows:

"I have met with a strange friend since leaving you, and stranger things than his friendship are, I think, in store for me. At some time I may explain, but at present there is mystery in the matter. The temptation to tattle is strong, but I must restrain myself, until I have made assurance doubly sure. Borrow no trouble from this, darling. I am safe and well, and, as I have told you before, my situation is very pleasant. My superiors find me equal to every requirement, and those below me have not refused me their respect and obedience."

Over this paragraph of the very lengthy letter Lily pondered long and anxiously. What did it mean? She feared there was danger somewhere for her lover. But, in the end, she would only pray for him and await farther developments. She answered the letter, with an answer all love and devotion, and then laid the precious missive away in her bosom.

Lyon Hargrave was, through the winter, an occasional visitor at the attorney's. He had conceived a passion for Lily that was almost insane; and, since he had gained Ingleside, his next desire of life was to gain the beautiful girl for his wife. But he was not blid in his passion. He knew that his court would be useless while Horace Moore was upon the stage. He knew of the letter which Lily had received from the sea, and he did not want her to receive another. His thoughts upon this subject he spoke aloud to himself, as he paced to and fro in his library one Sabbath evening, after he had learned of the letter. Out of respect to his servants, and to his neighbours, and to his position as a justice of the peace, he kept quiet on the Sabbath.

Thus he soliloquized:

"Sugg does not make quick work. But why should I expect it? He said himself he might wait for a foreign port—perhaps Calcutta. He was only pledged that Moore should not come back again. There was nothing said about letters. Death and destruction: he will be writing continually until his breath is stopped. I must anticipate the taking-off. The game I play for now is not to be won off-hand. I must play my cards carefully; cut first."

On Monday morning Lyon Hargrave went down to the post-office. The postmaster was a shopkeeper in a small way. The income of the office was very slight—scarcely more than enough to pay a man for the time consumed in assorting and delivering letters and papers, to say nothing of rent. The man's name was Hardy—a man advanced in years, and not over and above smart. In fact, there had been many complaints concerning his slowness and bungling in the matter of distributing the mails.

Lyon was fortunate enough to find the postmaster in his shop without a customer.

"Mr. Hardy," he said, smiling, as he took a seat by the old box-stove, "I have a little matter of business which I think will work to your advantage, while, at the same time, it will yield satisfaction to me. I have a friend in London—a worthy young man, just graduated from college—who wishes to pursue his studies a while longer by himself; and I have thought that he could do this better if he had other healthful occupation to take up a part of his time. Will you tell me what is your yearly income from the post-office?"

"Just about fifty pounds, sir. That's what it was last year."

"Well—now see. If you will take my young friend into the office, and let him feel that he has entire charge—let him, in fact, have entire charge—for I want him to feel the responsibility, I will pay you fifty pounds a year rent. I do this out of regard for my friend. He is a deserving youth—an orphan—in whom I have taken the deepest interest. The Department allows you to intrust the affairs of your office to a clerk?"

"I may have one clerk," answered Hardy, "who must be sworn in, and for whose good faith I must be responsible."

"As for the young man's good faith," said Lyon,

smiling blandly, "I will be responsible for it to any amount. What say you to my proposition—that is, if, after you have seen the young man, you shall like him?"

"Really, Mr. Hargrave, your offer is a most liberal one—liberal to me, and liberal to your friend; and if you make it in good faith I accept it cheerfully—that is, if, as you say, the young man pleases me. Our office is not large, but its duties are as sacred as though its annual income were thousands instead of hundreds."

"Thank you, Mr. Hardy. You shall see my friend within a day or two, and if you conclude to accept him I will arrange the rest of the business as you may choose to have it."

Lyon had arisen, and turned towards the door, when he stopped and said, with one of his blindest smiles:

"By the way, Mr. Hardy, I don't care to have all my little charities known to the world. I am bothered enough as it is. If I choose to assist a worthy young man I don't know as it is any business of the outer world. I would prefer that my name should not be mentioned in connection with your appointment of a clerk."

"I can appreciate your feelings, Mr. Hargrave," returned the old man, with honest sincerity, "and I will respect them. Your name shall not be mentioned."

"Thank you, sir."

And with this Lyon Hargrave departed.
(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

TRACING PAPER.—A kind of tracing paper, which is transparent only temporarily, is made by dissolving castor oil in absolute alcohol and applying the liquid to the paper with a sponge. The alcohol speedily evaporates, leaving the paper dry. After the tracing is made the paper is immersed in absolute alcohol, which removes the oil, restoring the sheet to its original opacity.

NEW SCREW PROPELLER EXPERIMENTS.—Mr. Griffiths has shown that in some cases there is a loss of 60 per cent. of engine power in the use of screws. He now proposes, as an improvement, the use of small screws, one at the bow and the other at the stern. The Admiralty have placed the "Bruiser" steamer at Mr. Griffiths' disposal for trial of the new plans, and the results, which may soon be expected, will be studied with interest.

RATHER COLD.—A correspondent wrote from Bridge Creek, British Columbia, on February 19th: "The thermometer at this place was frozen up, so we could not tell how cold it was. A bottle of good brandy and a bottle containing two pounds of mercury were put out as a test on February 14. In the morning both were frozen solid. This cold snap has lasted for more than two weeks, with no signs of mild weather. The mercury in the thermometer has been frozen every night."

PAPER AS A PLANT PROTECTOR.—A gentleman residing in Guernsey writes to say that he has saved his crop of early potatoes under glass by spreading newspapers over them, while his neighbours lost theirs by the severe frost. He suggests that a convenient number of newspapers be pasted together, and the edges folded over strings, thus making a screen which, suspended over the newspapers spread loosely over the plants, would give the young shoots an excellent protection in the severest cold weather, and from the sun's rays in summer.

THE ECLIPSES OF 1875.—There are but two eclipses to appear during the present year, both of the sun. It is predicted that the duration of totality of the one on the 15th of April will be greater than during any of the succeeding eclipses due in 1878, 1886, 1892, 1893, etc. Mr. Hind, by new calculations, finds that on Bentinck Island the period of total obscuration will last over 257 seconds. The central line will pass to the north of Kaikal, on Camorta Island, in the Nicobar Archipelago, at which point the duration of totality will be ten seconds longer.

THE KRUPP BREACH-LOADING GUN.—The Krupp breech-loading gun, having burst at the second round, lies in the "cemetery" of guns in front of the Royal Gun Factories, in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in company with some hundreds of guns of various descriptions which have either prematurely given way or been tested to destruction. Close by it are two of the guns constructed on the Woolwich system, and muzzle-loaders, one having endured 2,268 and the other 2,208 rounds with the full charge of powder and the 64-pounder projectile before bursting, a result which was in each case preceded, according to the habit of wrought-iron ordnance, by ample signs of weakness, while guns of steel and cast metal seldom give notice of weakness before they actually explode. The Krupp gun has the breech piece snapped sharp off immediately in rear of the breech-loading apparatus, while the

fragments of the wrought-iron gun are wrenched and distorted by great violence, and leave evidence of the obstinate resistance they have offered. The experimental gun which formed the model upon which the Woolwich guns have been designed is exhibited not at the "Cemetery" but in the park of servicable artillery at the Gun Factory.

BEST CIDER.—M. Plouard, of Andelys, France, has invented a new cider, said to be very cheap and of excellent flavour—the peculiarity of which is that a large proportion of sugar beets is mixed with the apples before pressing; 80 lbs. of beets are mixed with 700 quarts of apples, or about 11 lbs. to 100 quarts. The beets and apples are pressed together, then saturated with water, left quiet in a cellar for twenty-four hours, and pressed anew. This is repeated seven times. The inventor says he makes 100 quarts of cider for 80 centimes, which seems rather questionable.

THE ARCTIC ATMOSPHERE.

M. VIKJANDER, during one of the recent Swedish expeditions to the arctic regions, made extended investigations into the electrical condition of the air there existing. All of his observations agree in showing that the atmosphere conducts electricity at temperatures relatively high, a circumstance to which may be attributed the absence of thunder and the presence of the aurora borealis. It has been suggested that this is due to the great humidity of the air in such regions; but it is evident that the phenomenon must be ascribed to other causes, since the same temperature and the same degree of humidity do not produce a like effect in lower latitudes. At less temperatures, —4 deg. and —13 deg. Fahr., and below, the air isolates better.

Generally the arctic atmosphere appears to be positively electrified, and the earth negatively. In several instances the air was effectively electric of itself, and this not due to terrestrial induction. During certain periods of the spring, at a time when the air isolated relatively well, both ground and air were charged with negative electricity. This change of electrical state of the atmosphere was not a constant consequence of greater cold, but when the temperature had been lowered for some time the air had an evident tendency toward a negative condition.

There seems to be a natural connection between these facts and the aurora. During the months of January and February the latter phenomenon appeared daily, and was especially noticeable on the 19th and 26th days of the latter month. It then disappeared, to reappear, however, on the 2nd of March.

At the same time changes in the electricity of the air were observed, suggesting the theory that the negative electricity, deprived of the possibility of discharging itself into the aurora, was obliged to accumulate in the lower atmospheric strata, which isolated relatively well. From the 2nd to the 11th of March auroras returned; and during this period the air was in a good conducting condition, or else, when effecting isolation, was positively charged. Subsequent to the latter date the auroras ceased entirely, and an interval supervened of low temperature with negatively electrified air, which lasted until the increasing light of the season of the year precluded further auroral observations.

A NEW WHITE PIGMENT.—A Mr. Orr has recently taken out a patent for a white pigment, which he has endeavored to obtain by forming a compound of zinc and barium. For this purpose he takes crude barium, and fuses it. The supernatant liquid is then drawn off, and divided into two or more equal portions. To one an equivalent of zinc chloride is added, and to this again zinc sulphate is added, and afterwards another portion of barium sulphide, the result being an intimate mixture of 1 equivalent barium sulphate and 2 of zinc sulphide. The precipitates, composed of zinc and barium, are collected and pressed to expedite drying, after which they are placed in retorts and brought to a red heat. While still hot they are drawn into water, preferably cold, which, it seems, has the effect of increasing their density and imparting body to the paint to be made from them. They are subsequently washed and ground in water to a fine powder, or they may be first dried and then ground. The inventor states that, by increasing the number of additions of zinc sulphate the quality may be varied. The pigment thus prepared is to be used in the ordinary way; and if it possesses the covering power of white lead, and can be sold as cheaply, it will be undoubtedly a useful product, for zinc white retains its colour better than any other white pigment in ordinary use.

The new signal light on the great clock tower of the Palace of Westminster was displayed for the first time on Monday night, the 5th of April. It is about 40 feet higher than the one lately in use, and will be no disfigurement to the tower, as it is so constructed as to be run in like a ship's gun during day-light.



[ADONIS FLOS—PHEASANT'S EYE.]

FLOWERS: THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT, SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

VOCABULARY.

ACHILLEA (*Millefolia*), War.

This plant, which is popularly known as Yarrow or Milfoil, from its supposed thousand leaves, is found commonly in dry pastures and by waysides. Its flowers are white and daisy-like, sometimes pink, and stand on the top of the stalks, the centre one of which is about a foot high. It flowers from June to September, and has a strong but not unpleasant odour. Its dark green leaves are finely divided and lie flat on the ground. It is of the camomile family and is used by some people as a substitute for tobacco. There is another Milfoil (*Achillea Ptarmica*) known as Sneezewort, which is dried and powdered and taken as cephalic snuff. Its virtues in curing all wounds caused by iron was believed by the ancients, and the poets tell us that Achilles made use of it to cure the wounds he had inflicted on Telephus. Hence it is the emblem of War.

ACONITA (Wolfbane).—See Monkshood and Crowfoot.

ADDER'S TONGUE, Slander.

This little plant, common in meadows, consists of a single smooth and fleshy oval-shaped, bright green leaf, with a little spike of seeds rising from its base, resembling the tongue of a serpent—hence its Latin, or rather Greek, name *Ophioglossum*. The tongue, or seed-vessel, is notched on each edge, and as the whole plant is only about four inches high and the spike another four inches, when in flower it is buried among the grass, and must be sought for in April or May. The old herbalist attributes fanciful virtues to it in healing wounds; we make it a symbol of Slander's Reputation, which its form, attributes and character seem better to justify.

ADONIS FLOS (Pheasant's-eye), Sorrowful Remembrance.

This little crimson flower, with its fine-cut leaves, is, as its name implies, the emblem of the cruel death of the beautiful youth Adonis, slain by a wild boar. The blood of Adonis, the beloved of Venus, as we read in classic story, and in the verse of our own Shakespeare, gave birth to this pretty floral memento of a goddess's grief. Her bitter tears, mingled with the life-stream of the youth, sank into the earth and straightway there sprang up a flower of bright scarlet. Shakespeare thus describes the scene:

By this the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spilled
A purple flower sprang up, chequer'd with
White;

Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to
smell.

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says: within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rot from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.
Venus and Adonis.

Again:

Look in the garden blooms fair Flos Adonis,
And memory keeps of him who rashly died
Thereafter changed by Venus to this flower.

The scarlet-circled eye of the pheasant, which gives our popular name is by no means inappropriate to this emblem of Sorrowful Remembrance.

AFRICAN MARIGOLD.—See Marigold.

AGNUS CASTUS (*Vicia Agnus Castus*), Coldness, Indifference.

This pretty little shrub, with its five-fingered leaves, originally a native of Sicily, has long been known in our gardens as "Chaste Tree." From the days of Dioscorides downwards the little black four-celled berries, each containing a seed, have been supposed to possess a power of subduing the natural inclinations of the sexes. Hence the name *Agnus*

Castus—Tree of Chastity. Sir J. E. Smith, however, declares them to be carminative and stimulant. The plant has a grayish bark and the flowers grow in long purple spikes; but there is a variety of both broad and narrow-leaved *Agnus Castus* with white flowers.

AGRIMONY (*Agrimonia Eupatoria*), Thankfulness, Gratitude.

This delicate bell-shaped yellow flower is to be found in bloom at midsummer in hedgerows and pastures. It grows to a little more than a foot in height, its fruit consists in two small nuts, enclosed in the calyx, which is covered with small hooked bristles. Its name *Agrimonia* is supposed to be derived from *Agerimonia*, and it is called in France "La Religieuse des Champs." As the plant has a high reputation among herbal doctors it may well be conjectured that some good nun administered it with advantage to the afflicted, and hence it became emblematical of Thankfulness or Gratitude. A handful of the dried leaves with a quart of boiling water, sweetened with sugar, is declared in old books to cure the most obstinate liver complaints. "It is altogether a good gargle for sore throat, and when made into a decoction with St. John's wort and camomile flowers is a capital preventive for cramp." Mind, gentle reader, we do not give this from our own experience, but from an old "Book of Herbes and Their Remedies."

ALLSPICE, Compassion.

We have placed Allspice, with its expression, as we find it in an American vocabulary. The tree—*Myrtus Pimenta*—which produces it is a native of Jamaica and of tropical America, and very beautiful when in flower. Its odour, resembling a mixture of cinnamon, cloves and nutmegs, is well known, hence its name Allspice.

THE ALMOND TREE (*Amygdalus*), Headlessness, Thoughtless Haste; in some vocabularies, Hope.

Who does not admire this Eastern visitor, who, even in our severe climate, hastens, ere the snows of winter have well dissolved, to glad us with its lovely blushing blossoms, while yet its leaves lurk folded in their dark green coverings? We scarcely feel that Thoughtless Haste should be thus symbolized. Simplicity is indeed an attribute of a sprig of almonds, and its bold and early blooming may express Headlessness.

Moore sings

The hope in dreams of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow
Springs out of the silvery Almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.

Lalla Rookh.

The origin of the Almond Tree is the subject of a classic fable. Demophoon, one of the Greek heroes, was shipwrecked on the coast of France on his return from captured Troy. There he fell in love with Phyllis, daughter of the king, and they were betrothed, but before the nuptials Demophoon was called home to Attica by the death of his father. A day was appointed between the lovers for Demophoon's return, but he came not, and Phyllis, all hope extinguished, slew herself. Her lover was not false, though his promise was not kept. He returned three months after her death and made funeral sacrifices to her honour. Poor Phyllis, who had been changed by the plying gods to an Almond Tree, was so pleased with the fidelity of her lover that the tree which enclosed her, though leafless, burst into flower, showing that death could not conquer true love.

William Sawyer has written a poem entitled "The Legend of Phyllis," full of grace, elegance, and poetic fire and fervour, from which we cannot refrain from an extract. It describes the return of Demophoon and his despair, and the answer of undying love:

So mourning wasted love and broken life,
All sorrowful he clung about the tree,
And kneeling clasped and fondled it and wept
A boy's hot passion of burning, blinding tears.
And as he knelt thus, lo! a miracle!
The human heart that stirred within the sap
Quickened with love as at the touch of spring,
Auroral flashes passed through the tree.
A warning glow suffused it, with a pulse
Of ardent heat, flame-bent blossoms streaked
Its branches, rose-smooth and with a haze
Of summer noons upon them. Warm with life
The blossoms clasped his brow and dust'ring lay
Upon his cheek, and to his lips were lips
That throbb'd to kissing, and his amorous
breath

Met with ambrosial odours. This was love's
Response to love. The pitying Eros this
Accorded, and in memory thereof
Throughout the winters of all after years
The Almond blossoms come before the leaves.

Beautiful as the Almond tree is, with its freight of blossom, those who look on it can hardly fail to do

so with increased interest from the knowledge of the touching and tender legend with which it has thus been for thousands of years associated.

The sweet, rose-like blossoms of the Almond Tree have a delightful fragrance, but its scent is not healthful, and both leaves and flowers of the plant are poisonous. The Almond Tree does not ripen its fruit in our climate, and both the sweet and bitter almond are merely cultivated as ornamental shrubs. Our sweet almonds come chiefly from Malaga; our bitter almonds from Mogadore.

ALMOND LAUREL, Persdy.—**SEE CHERRY LAUREL** (*Prunus Lauro-Cerasus*).

ALOE, Affliction, Grief, Bitterness.

The flavour of the medicinal Aloe and the slight hold on the earth of many plants of this tribe point to the appropriateness of its emblematic meaning. The readers of the LONDON READER will perhaps thank me for clearing up a little confusion which prevails in most of the books I have read with regard to the term Aloe.

The true Aloe are succulent plants, natives of South Africa, of Barbadoes, Socotra, Ceylon, etc., and the drastic, bitter purgative known in medicine is the product of the pulp of the fleshy leaf of several of the species. That tall Barbadoes Aloe is procured from a plant about three feet high, with toothed leaves and yellow flowers hanging down in a cluster. It is common in all the islands of America, and is sent to England, chiefly as a horse medicine, in great quantities. At Barbadoes the plants in the month of March, when a year old, are cut just above the surface of the earth, and placed in a tub until the juice is drained off, then they are thrown on the land as manure. The juice is boiled until of a proper consistency, then ladled into gourds, and is called Hepatic (or liver) Aloe.

The sun-dried Aloe called Socotrine is brought in skins. It is of a glossy nature, clear, almost pellucid. In mass of a yellowish-red colour, when crushed the powder is of a bright golden colour. It is hard and friable in winter, but softens to pliability in summer. Though intensely bitter it is somewhat aromatic. It is prepared in July by collecting the beans, from which the juice is expressed, boiled and dried in August in the sun. The plant appears almost identical with that of the Barbadoes Aloe, modified by climate and cultivation. It is to be found in our greenhouses and botanical gardens.

The Aloe (American Aloe), or Agave, is of a different genus, and a distinct natural order belonging to the *Amaryllidaceae*, or *Amaryllis* (Narcissus) tribe; the true Aloe is of the Day Lily tribe, of the order *Hexmerallidaceae*. The American Aloe abounds in a starchy matter, and the fecula is used for soap, and is declared to be a sovereign remedy in burns and scalds. The American Aloe (Agave) is well known, and there is a popular idea that it flowers but once in a hundred years. This is a popular error, as it produces its peculiar grand and lofty spike of blossom, ten to twenty feet in height—in America thirty or forty feet—once in about ten years, looking like a lofty candelabrum. The tree bears flowers every year, having tubular blossoms on a spike. Brydson, in his travels, says that he saw the city of Syracuse covered with Aloes in full bloom. They were doubtless various sorts of cacti.

As we have said before, the Aloe, as a symbol of Bitterness and Disappointment, is indicated by the disproportionate slenderness of its roots in the earth, and its great substance, which seems almost supported by the atmosphere and dews.

ALTHEA ROSEA—See Hollyhock.

ALTHEA FRUTEX (Syrian Mallow), Persuasion influenced by Love (See Marsh Mallow).

ALYSSUM, SWEET (*Alyssum Maritimum*), Worth above Beauty. (See Mignonette).

This fragrant little white flower is now common in our gardens, it was originally a seaside plant. Its leaves are pointed and slightly hairy, and its pods grow in clusters, each containing two seeds. It is declared by the old herbalists to have great purifying and antiscorbutic qualities, whence its symbolic attributes.

AMARANTH, Immortality, Unfading Love.

Amaranth, among the parting gifts of Autumn, have from the most ancient times held high place in religious ceremonies. With it the Greeks were wont to deck the statues of their gods, and their poets interwove its lustre with the funeral gloom of the cypress, as the bright hope of enduring remembrance beyond the grave. Milton crowns his aureola with

Amaranth, and translates the flowers to heaven and immortal bloom.

To the ground

With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with Amaranth and gold,
Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks entwreathed with beams.
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off; the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone
Emperied with celestial roses, smiled.

Queen Christina of Sweden, who, whatever her eccentricities, was a woman of high attainments, founded an order of knighthood, to which she gave the title of Knights of the Amaranth. Their badge was a plaque of gold enamelled with an Amaranth and surrounded with the words "Dolce nella Memoria;" and truly we think that Sweet Memories would not be an inappropriate interpretation for a Globe Amaranth. Thomas Moore makes the Amaranth a favourite with the flute-playing, garland-crowned people of Sumatra (Zamara). He speaks of Amaranth.

Amaranthus such as crown the maids
Who wander through Zamara's shades.

Lalla Rookh.

We may add that Amaranth signifies Unfading in the Greek vocabulary, so that the word may come from the flower or the name of the flower from the signification of the word.

The popular names of our field and garden Amaranths are Love-Lia-Bleeding (which see) Flower Gentle, Floramon, Flower Velure and Cockscomb (which see). *Amaranthus Blitum* grows from one to two feet high, smooth and red towards the roots, branched above, and between them long broad leaves of a reddish-green colour. The flowers are reddish tufts and yield a red juice; the seeds are shiny black. They flower from August until winter, and last a long time after being gathered.

AMARYLLIS, Pride, Haughty Beauty, Vain Display.

There is no English or Latin synonym for this splendid flower, which holds the same name as it did in the verse of Virgil, and perhaps a thousand years before he of Mantua sang. The word in Greek signifies resplendent or dazzling. Most of the varieties of *Amaryllis* cultivated in our gardens are natives of the Cape of Good Hope, China, and South America.

The Guernsey Lily is one of the showiest of the *Amaryllis* tribe. It is of a rich cherry-red, and when under the full light of the sun's rays seems spotted or sprinkled with gold. The Author of "Flowers and Heraldry" gives the moral of this Haughty Beauty:

When *Amaryllis* fair doth show
The richness of her fiery glow
The modest Lily hides her head;
The former seems so proudly spread
To win the gaze of human eye,
Which soonest brightest things doth spy.
Yet vainly is the honour won,
Since hastily her course is run;
She blossoms, blooms—she fades, she
dies—
They who admired now despise.

There are thirty-five varieties of *Amaryllis* in "Don's Catalogue," but the number is and has been constantly increasing, as the plant is easily raised from seeds as well as offsets from the roots. One coating taken from the roots, with a leaf on it, will produce a plant exactly like the parent, whereas if you take seed from the same plant you will frequently produce a different and sometimes a new root. Mr. Knight recommends a little artificial heat in early Spring to get the leaves forward, as, if the leaves are poor, the flowers will be poor also.

AMERICAN COWSLIP (*Dodecatheon Meadia*), Divine Beauty.

We have imported this grandly-named flower and its signification from the new world. The sounding name, *dodecatheon*, imposed on what appears to be a purple variety of the primrose, signifies "twelve gods," and the latest edition of Mr. Tyas's book has placed as its signification "You are my angel." He also tells that "This plant throws up one single stem from the midst of a rosette of large leaves, which lie flat on the ground; on its summit are displayed in the month of June twelve pretty light purple flowers. The stem dies off when the bloom is gone, and the root alone remains until the following season. It thrives best in shady situations in light loamy soils, but is not easily kept." However, I have given it a place, as well as the following:

AMERICAN ELM, Patriotism.—**AMERICAN LINDEN**, Matrimony.

Although we have already the Sweetflowering Lime, or Linden Tree (which see), as the emblem of Conjugal Love, we have given the American Elm and Lime a place here.

AMERICAN STARWORT, Welcome to a Stranger, Cheerfulness of Old Age; but see Starwort and Star of Bethlehem.

ANDROMEDA, Self-sacrifice.

This small evergreen shrub, with its oval rose-coloured drooping flowers, concealed among the terminal leaves of its shoots, exists in only one species in Britain and grows in dreary and even northern wastes. It is most charmingly significant of Self-sacrifice. Linnaeus tells us he found the *Andromeda polyfolia* decorating swampy grounds in Sweden, and says, enthusiastically, "No painter's art can more happily imitate the beauty of a fine complexion." It is seen cultivated in our gardens with other plants of the same family, which are mostly original natives of Sweden and Lapland, where Linnaeus also found it. Its blossoms bear kindred to the heaths of the Cape of Good Hope. Though the name of the plant in its foreign varieties is of course derived from the Greek mythology, wherein we have the story of Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and of Cassiopeia, who was exposed, for her mother's crime of comparing her beauty with the Sea Nymphs (Nereids), chained to a rock, to the embraces of a sea monster. She was, however, rescued by Perseus, mounted on Pegasus, who slew the monster, freed her, and made her his wife.

"Non hic Andromeda resonant pro matre," etc. Properties.

(To be Continued)

GLASS CUTTING.

In a recent patent trial concerning the revolving wheel glass cutter Judge Shipman described the form and action of the diamond in cutting glass as follows:

While almost any diamond will scratch or tear the surface of glass it is a fact that the value and efficiency of a diamond to be used for the cutting or severing of glass depends not merely on the hardness but upon the form of the cutting surface. Other gems than the diamond will successfully cut glass, provided they can be shaped into forms similar to those of the diamonds used for this purpose. Dr. Wollaston, in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1816 thus explains the peculiarities required for the glazier's diamond:

"In the natural diamond there is this peculiarity, in those modifications of the crystals that are chosen for this purpose, that the surfaces are, in general, all curved, and consequently, the meeting of any two of them presents a curvilinear edge. If the diamond is so placed that the line of the intended cut is a tangent to this edge, near to its extremity, and if the two surfaces of the diamond laterally adjacent be equally inclined to the surface of the glass, then the conditions necessary for effecting a cut are complied with. The curvature is not considerable, and consequently the limits of inclination are very confined. If the handle be too much or too little elevated the one extremity of the curve will be made to bear irregularly upon the glass, and will plough a ragged groove, by pressure of point. But, on the contrary, when the contact is duly formed, a simple fissure is effected, as if by lateral pressure of the adjacent surfaces of the diamond, diverted equally to each side. The effects of inequality in the lateral inclination of the faces of the diamond to the surface of the glass are different according to the degree of inequality. If the difference be very small, the cut may still be clean, but as the fissure is then not at right angles to the surface the subsequent fracture is found inclined accordingly. When an attempt is made to cut with an inclination that deviates still more from the perpendicular the glass is found superficially flawed out on that side to which the greater pressure was diverted, and the cut completely fails."

THE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE—"Iron" says: There can be no better test of the amelioration which we owe to modern civilization than the increased length of man's earthly span as compared with the age attained in ancient and in medieval times. It is stated, in a recent German periodical, that while in Republican Rome the average duration of life among the upper, always the longest-lived classes, was only thirty years; among the same classes in the present century it reaches fifty years. Then, with respect to the "good old times." In the sixteenth century the mean duration of life in Geneva was 21.21 years; between 1814 and 1833 it had reached 40.68 years, and at the present time as many people live there to the allotted term of seventy as three hundred years

ago lived to forty-three. The rapidity with which the mean rose in England, even in its earliest period of extension, is shown by the comparison of two financial transactions in this country in 1693 and 1790. In the former year Government made a considerable profit by borrowing a large sum of money on terminable annuities, based on the mean duration of life at that time; in the latter another loan, based on the same tables, resulted in a serious loss. The average duration of life in England at the present day is about forty years for males and forty-two for females. The ratio is of course higher among the better-to-do classes, lower among the working classes and the poor. The aristocracy and annuitants are exceptionally long-lived; and a much larger number of people than is generally supposed reach the age of one hundred years and upwards.

THE COST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO INDIA.

THERE is no reason for supposing that the Prince of Wales did not sit down to count the cost before deciding upon his projected visit to India. Nevertheless, it must be difficult for His Royal Highness to contemplate without alarm the estimated expenditure as drawn up by a friendly, perhaps a too friendly hand. Mr. J. T. Mackenzie, of Kintail, who merely acts as the mouthpiece or amanuensis of his highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, has considerably placed on paper the various items for which the prince and his advisers will have to provide. The heir to the throne must of course travel in right royal state, and this will require an extensive provision of tents, horses, elephants, camels, etc., and the accompaniment of a guard of honour of from 6,000 to 10,000 men "at the very lowest." Even the higher figure it is remarked, is insignificant when compared with the number of men which the great native sovereigns were accustomed to take with them on similar occasions. However, if the prince's tents are of "the royal red silk," and those of his Court of a costly description, the native sense of the proprieties would probably be satisfied.

The mention of a Court suggests the inquiry, Who is to accompany the Prince? Mr. Mackenzie—that is, the Maharajah—thinks that a selection should be made from "the oldest and most historic families of the nobility," as well as representatives of the army, the navy, and the church. There is a notion current in India, it seems, that we are "ashamed of our religion," but this, it is obvious, would be effectually dispelled if the prince took "an ecclesiastic of rank" with him, and insisted on having regular services, at which of course his entire court would require to be present.

There are a number of other "details," which, however, we must omit, and come at once to the question of cost. Nobody will be surprised to hear that a royal tour, managed on such a scale, will involve an expenditure of 700,000*l.* in the first instance. Indeed, so much pageantry is cheap at the money, and leads one to suspect that the pick of the nobility and the professions are expected to do duty gratuitously. Furthermore, by an ingenious contrivance, half the outlay can, it is almost certain, be recovered. The Prince of Wales will have to make many costly presents, but on the other hand he will, in return, receive presents from the native princes of twice the value. Let His Royal Highness, it is suggested, retain for himself "all objects of interest," and dispose of the remainder, presumably to the highest bidders. The probable yield is put down at 350,000*l.*, and no Englishman will be bold enough to impugn the accuracy of the estimate. In support of this scheme it is stated that the Governor-General of India is accustomed to receive "gifts in return for his presents, which are considered as part of the exchequer receipts, and sold for a large amount."

The true Briton has a passion for facts and figures, and Mr. Mackenzie is strictly consistent when he reminds us, at the close of his letter, that the British capital invested in India in funds, railways, manufactures, and houses, is estimated at 400 millions, our annual export and import trade at 60 millions, and that Englishmen are receiving in pay, pensions, allowances, etc., in India and at home, 10 millions a year.

It is possible that Mr. Mackenzie's suggestions may to a certain extent have been anticipated by the prince's advisers, but the general public at any rate are indebted to him for an essay in which instruction and amusement are happily combined.

FRENCH PROPERTY LAW.—Unclaimed property belongs to the State. The use of property held in common is regulated by police enactments. Hunting and fishing are regulated by private Acts. A proprietor who finds a treasure on his own estate becomes the owner; and if treasure is found in another person's ground one half belongs to the

finder and the other half to the owner of the land. Treasure-trove comprises everything concealed or buried in the ground over which no one can prove ownership, and which is discovered by chance. Right over things thrown in and cast up by the sea are regulated by private Acts, and they also apply to things lost for which there is no owner.—*Civil Laws of France, by David Mitchell Aird, Esq.*

FACETIÆ.

WHY is a lobster a most intellectual shell-fish? Because, even when boiled, it is deeply red.—*Judy.*

"Oh, yes, William, take it easy, while your poor wife's heart is breaking for want of a new Spring bonnet."

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a sixpence.

The present Parliament is called "The Old Man's" Parliament, and with justice; three out of four heads are white or bald as an ostrich egg.

MR. SAMPHSON has been lately writing a book on the antiquity of advertising. *Judy* can fix the exact date, as a certain Walter Tyrrel was the first bill-sticker.—*Judy.*

ANIMAL MATTER.—Some idiot advertizes in the "Telegraph" "Ham and Chicken Makers Wanted. Apply at," etc., etc. Truly the spread of education is wonderful when pigs and fowls are expected to peruse the daily papers.—*Fox.*

A PUN AND HIS CONSEQUENCES.

Why, to complete a full band of music, most two instruments be converted into vegetables?

Because the drums must be beat! The old gentleman who did that has been attacked with severe illness, and there is little hope of his recovery.

AN EPICUREAN MONARCH.—During the illness of the King of Siam nothing but the most recherché dainties would stay upon his stomach. For a month his favourite dish was a soured missionary. He formerly set a high esteem on baked marines, but the last war gave him a surfeit.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy new lips from his cheek."

"Ah," said the lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no painful operation either."

ONE OR THE OTHER.

A lady recently went to dine with some friend and accompany them to see "Romeo and Juliet."

"We must be off," said the host, looking at his watch, "or we shall be late."

"Oh, never mind," replied the guest, "if I don't see Romeo I shall be there in time to see Juliet."

"HOLLERING" OYSTERS.

At Liverpool an honest countryman from Berks, who had come to the city for the first time, was awakened at midnight by a cry of "Oy! buy an Oy!" beneath his window. Frightened half to death, he aroused his fellow lodger and inquired what it meant.

"Oh, bless you, it's nothing but oysters," said his room-mate, in a pet.

"Do oysters holler as loud as that?"

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SQUIRE: "John, what can we put Captain von Reiter on to-morrow? The brown horse could carry him, couldn't it?"

JOHN: "Carry a 'ouse, sir; but the gentleman's a bit of a foreigner, ain't 'e, sir?"

SQUIRE: "Yes. What about that?"

JOHN: "Oh, nothink, sir. On'y the brown 'orse is orkard in 'is temper sometimes, and then 'e wants a man on 'is back."

[The captain, a distinguished officer of the Uhlans, who thoroughly understands English, enjoys the conversation.—*Punch.*]

A COOL CUSTOMER.

A gentleman from the country, now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of the boarders. After a few minutes' conversation the boarder drew his cigar-case and asked the countryman:

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him, and also one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket, then took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking:

"It ain't often that a man from the country runs about so clever a feller in the city as you are."

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY.—The "Nottingham Journal" chronicles the death of a native of Reddington, and states that while running down an embankment he fell into the Trent and broke his neck, besides being drowned. Our country cousin forgets

to inform us whether the native wetted his feet or rampled his collar during the process of his complex dissolution.—*Fox.*

CASTING EXTRAORDINARY.

"Can you do all sorts of casting here?" said a solemn-looking chap at some iron works the other day.

"Yes," said Frank, preparing to take his order; "all sorts."

"Well, then," returned the solemn inquirer, "I would like to have you cast a shadow."

He was cast out.

"How is your church getting on?" asked a friend of a religious Scotchman who had separated in turn from the Kirk, the Free Church, the United Presbyterian, and several lesser bodies. "Pretty well, pretty well. There's nobody belongs to it now but my brother and myself, and I am sure of Sandy's soundness."

YOUTHFUL EXTRAVAGANCIES.

Talking of children reminds me of another childish anecdote which I have lately heard of some boys in Yorkshire. Well do I remember my boyish glee when my mother gave me "ninepence," and I revelled in untold wealth and "dreams of glory." The story is about the youthful Websters. Their father had given them each a small sum, and they had been to the fair. At nightfall they returned home, Dan, as usual, somewhat ahead of his brother. Their father met them, and, addressing the first, said:

"Well, Dan, what have you done with your money?"

"Spent it!" was the sturdy reply.

"And what have you done with yours, Zeke?"

"Lent it to Dan!"

A PROMPT WITNESS.

Perhaps, one of the most enjoyable things in a modern court of justice, where not unfrequently innocent witnesses, who are losing patience, time and money in their compulsory occupancy of the witness-box are "bully-ragged" and tormented, is the torturing, in return, of some impudent, unfeeling advocate. A good case in point is this:

In a court not more than about five thousand miles away from the city of Gotham, a legal gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed and threatened witnesses to his heart's content, when it chanced that a very stupid fellow, an oater, was called. He was, in fact, simplicity personified. The counsel, it should be premised, had made a great fuss about the previous witnesses speaking so low that he could not hear them.

"Now, sir," said the learned counsel, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

He himself spoke rudely loud.

"I hope not, sir," shouted out the witness in such tones that they fairly shook the building.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" demanded the counsel.

"Can't speak no louder!" he shouted, louder than before, as if to atone for his fault in speaking too low.

"Have you been drinking this morning?" asked the lawyer, who had now entirely lost the command of his temper at the roars of laughter which burst from a crowded audience.

"Yes, sir," said the witness, frankly.

"And what have you been drinking, sir? Look at the jury—don't look at me, sir, in that impudent way."

"Coffee, sir."

"Did you have anything in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the counsel, with a look at the jury. "Well, sir," continued the learned counsel, "you say you had something in your coffee. State to the jury, if you please, what that 'something' was."

"Sugar, sir," answered the witness, without a movement of a muscle.

There was another burst of "furtive laughter" throughout the court.

"This man is no fool, your honour," addressing the court, "but he is something worse. Now, witness, you must come to the point. Had you anything else in your coffee besides sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, you had. Well, we are likely to get at the truth, after all this turning and twisting to the contrary notwithstanding. Well, sir, what else was it you had in your coffee?"

"A spune, sir!" shouted the witness. "Do I make you hear me, squire? A spune!"

This was the last witness, and the last of him in the box. Here the trial was adjourned until the next day.

WHAT THREE WOMEN SAID.

The other day in an omnibus I sat in front of three women. They were all friendly to each other and they didn't mind my presence.

"Did you hear about Sarah Lamb?" asked one.
 "Goodness! No!" answered the other.
 "Well, Sarah's got her pay, I tell you!" continued the first. "You know that she was a whole year trying to catch that red-headed widower. Well, she finally married him; and do you think? They say that he sneers at her—actually uses oaths—when things go wrong; keeps her from going to church; is set against company; and won't let her use above two eggs in a sweet-cake!"

"Monster-ous!" exclaimed the others.
 "There was a moment of silence, and then one of the trio spoke up.
 "Did you know that Mrs. Lancy had a new empress-cloth dress?"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the others.
 "Yes, I do—I know it for a fact, for she wore it past our house the other day. That dress never cost less than two pounds—the bariol, and then there's the making and trimmings thrown in! Just think of a woman in her circumstances going to such an expense! Why, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I couldn't believe it!"

"It is awful!" exclaimed the others.
 "And the worst of it is she seems to hold her head so high!" continued the first. "I've heard that her grandfather had to go to the poorhouse when he broke his leg, and yet she holds her head up with the best of us! Of course, I don't want to backbite any one—it isn't my nature to talk behind people's backs—but I will say that I shouldn't wonder if such extravagance brought that family to want for bread before Spring comes."

Nothing was said for the next five minutes, and then one of the two exclaimed:

"I'd almost forgotten to tell you Lizzie Thorburn has a new hat!"

"What! Another?"
 "Yes, another. She wore it to church last Sunday. Think of that—a girl having three hats in one year!"

"Shameful!" they cried, in chorus. "I don't know what this world is coming to," continued the first.

"When I was a girl one hat had to last me seven years, while now a girl wants at least two a year—if not three. I tell you, when I sat in church last Sunday, and saw Lizzie come shying in with that new hat (must have cost fifteen shillings at least), I felt queer. The fate of the sinful people of Sodom and Gomorrah came to my mind in a second, and I shouldn't have been surprised if Lizzie had been stricken then, right down!"

They pondered over it for two or three minutes and then one of them replied:

"So Mary Jane Doolittle is dead?" she said.
 "Yes, poor thing," was the reply; "dead and buried a week ago. Hannah was at the funeral, and she says that Doolittle never shed a tear."

"He didn't?"
 "No, he didn't. Hannah watched him all through and she says he has a heart like a stone. If he should be arrested as her murderer I shouldn't be the least surprised. Poor woman! I met her only last August, and I could see that she was killing herself. I didn't ask her right out about it, but I could understand that Doolittle was a cold-hearted wretch. He didn't have much to say, but just one remark he made convinced me of his cold-heartedness. He asked for soap to wash himself, and when she handed him a piece he looked at it, sneered like, and, says he:

"Mary Jane, you mustn't buy any more yellow soap!"

"Did he say that?"

"He certainly did. I'll go before any court in the land and swear to it."

I had to get out then, and missed farther conversation.

WALKING AS AN EXERCISE.—1. Every muscle, remarks Dr. Bowditch, in the body is gently and uniformly brought into action by the swing of the legs and arms, and consequently of the trunk in a vertical direction. The undulations made by the head, chest, and abdomen in a vertical plane are thus not only according to "Hogarth's line of beauty" but also in that tending to perfect health. Every internal organ is gently stimulated to more robust action. The circulation goes more freely and uniformly. 2. Never, in a common walk, does a person breathe twice the same air, because he is constantly changing his position. This fact alone is of incalculable advantage.

THE FIRST OF APRIL IN PARIS.—The first of April is the day which the Parisians never fail to consecrate to the pleasant little pastime known under the name of April-fooling. The custom was duly observed on that day. Friends were invited to dinners and evening parties which were never to

take place; doctors were sent to attend patients who turned out to be enjoying most vigorous health; goods were sent to acquaintances who had never ordered them, and were compelled to pay the bill, although not quite so "willing" as Barkis; forged tickets for the opera were forwarded to young gentlemen who repaired to the theatre in evening dress and were given in charge of the first policeman for attempting fraud; and sundry other jokes of the same kind were practised by facetious individuals upon their circle of friends, who, no doubt, appreciated the kindness. Even the press indulged in these little frolics, and published the record of wonderful events which had never come to pass, and never will, although it must be admitted that Parisian newspapers have a knack of doing this on other occasions.

ONE SAILOR'S LIFE.

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold,

It is ever the same to me;

My worldly all is my brown sea-chest,

My joys are memories, locked in my breast,

And my only home is the sea.

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold—

On a coil of rope asleep;

Or watching—or dreaming—I cannot be glad,

For the day and the dream alike are sad

With the vigils my soul will keep.

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold,

To my mates the months seem long;

For their thoughts fly to coos where sweethearts

await,

Or where wives and children, with spirits elate,

List the sailor's rollicking song.

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold;

No home or home-friends are for me!

Afar or anear, wherever we rest,

No wife will cling to my manly breast,

No child will climb on my knee!

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold;

The waves may fret and foam,

And toss the ship 'till she seems to be

But a painted toy in the arms of the sea,

Yet I joy in my restless home.

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold;

To my throbbing heart I press

A dark brown tress, and a tress of gold,

Of two who were mine a brief space to hold,

Ere earth numbered one household less.

Up in the rigging, or down in the hold;

I sail with my ship o'er the sea;

But one grave keepeth my treasures fast,

My wife, my babe, and my heart; and at last

It will open again for me. L. S. D.

GEMS.

No pleasure is pure, or without alloy, and anxiety is mixed with all our joys.

A PROMISE should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made by the heart and remembered by the head.

A WEDDED couple should study each other's disposition and mutually make all the allowance possible for the weak points in their respective characters.

CHARITY is a virtue of all times and all places. It is not so much an independent grace in itself as an energy which gives the last and highest finish to every other, and resolves them all into one common principle.

THIS world is a world of struggle; but it is not true that to be compelled to struggle is a misfortune. To live is to struggle. Every human being has to struggle, and it is the point of vitality and the point of victory.

LONGEVITY AND MARRIAGE.—In the recently published "Study of Sociology," Herbert Spencer assails a theory that has long been current in life insurance. That married life is favourable to longevity has generally been regarded as satisfactorily proved by the numerous statistics showing, almost without exception, a greater longevity on the part of the married. When the ratio of deaths in the two classes stand as ten to four and even twenty to four, there would appear to be little room for doubt. But in discussing Mr. Spencer's views to this astute social scientist the evidence, strong as it seems, furnishes no warrant for the current belief. He regards the case as a substitution of cause for effect. In other words, greater longevity is not the consequence of marriage; on the contrary, marriages are clearly traceable to influences favouring longevity. The principles of natural selection work so strongly in

deciding between the benedicts and the bachelors that the long livers are drawn to the former and short livers to the latter.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

PIPE-CLAY rubbed on the hands will remove the unpleasant odour of chloride of lime.

PRESERVATION OF COOKED MEAT.—Experiments were made by Broxner for the preservation of cooked meat by cooking 17½ ounces of beef for two hours, by which operation it lost three-fifths of its weight, and then squeezing it into a beaker. After cutting it into two pieces so that it was completely surrounded by a gravy made by browning well 3½ ounces of flour with as much beef tallow, salting it moderately, and then adding the juice obtained in cooking the meat, mixed with a solution of sixty grains of gelatine in vinegar, in a few hours the whole mass became firm, and the beaker-glass was loosely covered with paper and placed at the closed window of a low attic-room. After ten weeks it was found entirely unchanged in consistency, colour, odour or flavour, and tasted, prepared with the gravy, like freshly cooked meat, although the lowest temperature of the room during the whole period was 45½ degrees and soiled clothing, fruit, etc., had been kept in the same room. He recommends the process for army use.

STATISTICS.

FRANCE COMMERCE IN 1874.—The foreign trade of France for 1874 contrasts most favourably with that for 1873. According to the official returns which have recently been published, the aggregate exports during 1874 amounted to 3,877,753,000 frs. In 1873 the total export trade was estimated at 3,787,306,000 frs., thus showing an excess in favour of 1874 amounting to 90,447,000 frs. If we turn to the import trade of France during 1874 it will be found that an improvement has taken place also. The total imports during 1874 amounted to 3,740,011,000 frs., whereas the official returns of 1873 estimate the imports of that year at 3,551,789,000 frs., showing an excess in favour of 1874 amounting to 193,222,000 frs. With respect to the items composing the aggregate total of importation into France during 1874 the greatest difference, in point of value, is to be found in the articles of glass ware and cotton thread. The importations of glass into France during 1874 amounted to 10,116,000 frs., while, during the corresponding period of 1873, the total importation was only 5,121,000 frs., thus showing an excess in favour of 1874 of 4,995,000 frs., or nearly double the previous year's business. The item of cotton thread imported in 1874 was estimated at 30,885,000 frs., against 21,600,000 frs. during the previous year, showing an improvement in favour of 1874 amounting to 9,285,000 frs. On comparing the total exports with the imports in 1874 we find the excess of exports over imports amounted to 129,742,000 frs. In 1873 the excess of exports over imports amounted to 222,517,000 frs., forming a total for the two years of 352,259,000 frs. The fact of France being a creditor to foreign nations during the last two years for so large an amount goes far to explain the continuous stream of gold which has been pouring into France for some time past. The world owes France money, and as gold is the most profitable remittance it naturally insists on being paid in hard metal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's surplus is, after all, over a million. What will he do with it?

THE Prince of Wales will most likely remain in India from November to April next.

A GREAT exhibition of potatoes is to be held in London during the autumn of the present year.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on passing through Paris forwarded a contribution of 250 francs to the funds of the Paris Young Men's Christian Association.

THE tallest chimney in the world is the well-known Townsend's chimney, Port Dundas, Glasgow. The total height from the foundation to the top of the coping is 468 ft., and from ground-line to summit 458 ft.; the outside diameter at foundation being 50 ft., at ground surface 32 ft., and at top of coping 12 ft. 8 in.

AUSTRALIAN IRON.—It is stated that a discovery of iron has been made in Victoria which promises to become a most valuable one. The exact locality is for the present a secret, as the proprietors intend floating a small company to work the deposits. It is within seventy miles of Melbourne, and not more than a quarter of a mile from a main line of railway.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SERVERER.—The particulars cannot be given in the manner requested.

E. S.—The colour of the hair is a pure bright red, a description which by some people is held in great estimation.

J. H. H.—Thanks for your dirge. Could not the last look have been extended to the time when the flowers shall bloom again?

SILVERSMITH.—You might have selected one and have tempted fortune by saying such pretty things as a contemplation of the description suggested to you.

FLORENCE R.—The plaintive verses about "The frailty of all things dear" are not without merit. They will produce an echo in many saddened hearts.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Your ardent wish is nicely enough expressed; perhaps the homely about the vanity of human wishes does not apply to love so devoted as yours.

LINDA.—It is sometimes thought rude to chatter about the ages of living persons; but perhaps there is no harm in saying that the age of the personage inquired about is between fifty and sixty.

F. F.—The distance from London and the difference of nationality are likely to produce considerable hesitation in the minds of the young lady's parents; their consent is necessary, as you doubtless know.

THIRTY-FIVE-THIRTY-THREE.—In the last round of Besique you must follow suit as you can, therefore, in the case you refer to, it is correct to play one of the small diamonds, although by so doing the trick is lost by you.

ABOLITION.—A youth of twenty cannot be advised to marry. He should wait until he is of age before he thinks of such a step, and if he would then defer the matter for three or four years he would not be likely to regret the exercise of his patience and prudence.

CHARLIE.—Considering the youth and the occupation, the proposition seems scarcely eligible enough. Every allowance being made for the ardour of young hearts it is really necessary that there should be some prospect of bread and cheese when the quits become united.

J. M. P.—In the operation of the propagation of fruit trees by means of grafting, after the shoot has been fitted to the stock and bound fast by strips of bass matting, they diminish evaporation by moulding some dottle clay around the place of junction. The clay is left there until it appears from the development of leaves that the operation has succeeded.

MARY T.—You should place a few pieces of unsalted lime in the beetles' track in your kitchen. You may thus kill two birds with the same stone, as the proverb says, because the lime will act as a disinfectant as well as a beetle destroyer. The holes in your lace kitchen can be stopped with mortar, which is a mixture of powdered lime and fine sand formed into a paste by means of water.

VICTOR L.—The law of marriage in France differs so much from the law of marriage in England that notions of a union between parties one of whom belongs to one country and one to another should not be hastily entertained. A young lady could not be recommended to contract such a marriage without minute inquiry and careful consideration of all the circumstances connected with the case.

FLORENCE.—The pastime referred to should be only lightly esteemed. It cannot be very well explained in print, but as it is a very common accomplishment you will have no difficulty in finding some acquaintance who will show you the way. Laugh and be merry, and let your fancy picture what the pictures point to, but, as the song says of something far brighter "Trust them not, they'll be fooling thee."

A. BRADSHAW.—A good way to improve in spelling is to write from dictation. Thus, in that leisure time about which you write get a friend to read slowly to you a few paragraphs. You must write down the words as he reads them in the best way you can. After you have finished writing, and not before, compare what you have written with the print from which your friend read. Correct any errors you have made, and continue the same course day after day. N.B.—If you cannot get any one to read to you from friendship and goodwill try the effect of a few coppers judiciously applied. Men resolutely bent upon self-improvement generally find a way.

EMILY S.—1. Straw hats are dyed black by boiling them three or four hours in a strong liquor of logwood, so which a little green copperas is occasionally added. 2. A suitable book would be a nice present for your sweetheart. 3. The mass should be washed by a liquid, the component parts of which are one pint of warm water and twelve grains of corrosive sublimate; the corrosive sublimate is poisonous; so take care. 4. The interior of the boot is best cleaned by washing with

milk and brown soap. 5. The 16th April, 1839, fell on a Saturday. 6. The age of twenty-two or twenty-three is, we think, early enough for a lady to marry.

DIONÆSE.—We are afraid that your ingenious metaphors, set forth first in unrhymed and then in rhymed pentameters, are not suitable for publication. It cannot, we think, be said that your attempt to make your meaning plain is successful rather, for that is your word—"into the thickest skull" has been successful. Nor is the failure to be wondered at when it is remembered that comic sections—the cone figures prominently in your verse—are an advanced branch of mathematics, upon the minutiae of which the popular mind is somewhat unlightened. It may indeed be your intention that your piece of descriptive word-painting should be deciphered only by those learned in the phenomena of which you treat; and of course you can quote as a precedent that it has been found convenient to leave some passages in certain historical works untranslated. But such a plea only brings us back to our first notion, namely, that whatever may be the merits of your poetical essay they are not such as to induce us to place it before the public. Your five questions are more readily answered. 1. Those sort of things are usually managed by personal intercourse, in which you are often useful to have a friend to act for you. 2. The publisher, as a matter of business, would accept the public verdict, although, of course, out of enthusiastic admiration for the author he might gratify the latter's wishes. 3. Very seldom; ever and never are awful words. 4. This question is most satisfactorily answered by that old saying:

"The value of a thing

Is just as much as it will bring."

5. This question runs thus—"If not approved, what then?" Well, then, suppose you must summon patience to your aid to enable you to bear your disappointment.

AN OLD NAT.

Poor Daisy was tearful and sadly perplexed. Her mother was angry, her father was vexed. All because she had spoiled such a beautiful plan.

In angrily refusing an excellent man.

"Dear mother, I know just as well as you do that his habits are good and his principles too. I know that his love is sincere, and all that. But why should he wear such a shocking bad hat?"

Thus it is with the ladies; their logic is sound. Their knowledge abundant, their wisdom profound.

They can easily pardon an error, we know, in a recreant husband, or even a beau; A rent in a coat or a rip in a glove Are but everyday trifles to one, if they love. But alas for the man, unless he is needy, Who ventures to call in a hat that is seedy!

When a hat's in a state of dilapidation Does it always agree with a man's situation? So it seems to the worthy, slightly poor, and show That his present financial condition is low. 'Tis not always the case, for there's many a miser.

Who, if he'd been poorer, might have been wiser, Who has bank notes in plenty and cash without end, Yet regards his old hat as a very dear friend!

Yes, the world seems quite certain, whenever a man Will try every means and concoct every plan To save the expense of a decent chaparran,

No matter how much in the street he may go, That he either is seriously, abominably poor, And cannot thus embellish of mankind secure, Or else he's a miser, or, what is worse yet, Underneath his "old hat" there are lodgings to let!

M. A. K.

LIZZIE D.—1. The quantities used in making colts-foot wine are one gallon of water to a gallon of the flowers of the plant, and three pounds of sugar to every gallon of liquor. After the water has been boiled it is immediately poured upon the flowers, which are then mashed and covered over for three or four days. When the liquor has been strained, sugar as above is added, then a little yeast on toast is also added. Let the liquor work for about ten days, when the working has ceased bang the cask down; bottle when about six months have elapsed. 2. Indian pickle is a compound of almost every vegetable and every spice that can be procured, soaked in brine and vinegar, seasoned with salt oil, mustard and turmeric, and requiring for its proper concoction a space of three or four years! A most unwholesome hash—nay, positively injurious. 3. The handwriting is good, a useful hand and not inelegant.

MAT. seventeen, light curls, blue eyes, good singer and musician, would like to correspond with a gentleman of a dark complexion; a clerk preferred.

LOVELY ANNA. nineteen, a blonde, fond of home, would like to correspond with a dark young man, of medium height, and handsome; a tradesman preferred.

N. G. age 30, tradesman, dark, height 5ft 3½ in., would like to correspond with a young woman; a widow, or one who is a good housekeeper, preferred.

WILLIAM W. twenty-one, tall, dark, and very affectionate, would like to make the acquaintance of a pretty, loving young lady about nineteen.

M. B. commercial traveller, age twenty-two, height 5ft 9½ in., wishes to correspond with one of our lady readers with a view to matrimony; an orphan or one without means not objected to.

F. G. twenty-one, 5ft 5 in., brown hair and eyes, butcher and farmer, wishes to correspond with a domestic young woman, of medium height and loving disposition, with a view to matrimony.

VIOLET. a very ladylike young person, wishes to correspond with a young mechanic with a view to marriage; he must be tall and dark, and not under twenty-five years of age.

N. N. T. nineteen, fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, fond of music, considered a good singer, is domesticated and will have 700L on attaining her majority, would like

to correspond with a dark gentleman with a view to matrimony; he must be good tempered and have a moderate fortune.

K. twenty-one, medium height, dark, good looking and musical, by profession a clerk, would like to correspond with an amiable young lady with a little property.

BARRA. seventeen, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a tall young gentleman, about twenty-three, of dark complexion; a clerk preferred.

MAT. nineteen, brown hair, gray eyes, would like to receive the carte de visite of a respectfully connected gentleman; he must be able to keep a wife. "May" is fond of home comforts.

DARK-ETED POLLY. twenty-one, 5ft 5 in., dark hair, wishes to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy; he must have hazel eyes and dark brown hair, and be respectfully connected.

BLUE-ETED NELL. twenty-two, medium height, fair complexion, considered good looking by her friends, wishes to correspond with a dark young man, fond of home; a mechanic preferred.

Y. Z. would like to correspond with a young man about thirty-one dark. "Y. Z." is of medium height, fair, and good looking, fond of home, and would make a good wife.

S. L. wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight; a mechanic preferred. "S. L." is twenty-five, tall, dark hair and eyes, of a very loving disposition, and fond of home.

THOMAS W. would like to have the pleasure of corresponding with an intellectual and amiable young lady, of medium height. He is 5ft 5 in. in stature, dark, considered handsome, and of a very wealthy family.

F. J. H. a naval signalman, would like to correspond with a genteel young lady, age about twenty; she should be a Lancashire lass, fair, and a domesticated person. "F. J. H." is 5ft 6 in. high, fond of home and music, but cannot dance.

M. B. twenty-one years of age, wishes to correspond with a young man, about twenty-six, who is fond of home. "M. B." has light brown hair and eyes, is rather tall, has no money, but would do her best to make a good wife.

KEARIE D. seaman in H. M. Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to sail a voyage through life; the ship is ready, the mate if wanting. "Keep It Dark" is twenty-six, 5ft 6 in., and built in proportion. The young lady must be about twenty four, and domesticated.

MAIR TRUCK SPINDLE. seaman in H. M. Navy, age about twenty-five, medium height, fresh complexion, and considered tolerably fair looking, would like to correspond with a young lady, about his own age, good looking, fond of music, and able to dance; a resident of London preferred.

LILY wishes to correspond with an intellectual and accomplished young gentleman of about twenty-five. Lily is twenty, tall, fair complexion, brown hair and hazel eyes. She has been highly educated, is very musical and has an income from the funds. Respondent must be in a good position, and have studious and artistic tastes.

W. S. a signalman, now serving in H. M. N. barracks, would like to correspond with a tall, dark, good looking lady, who is educated and fond of music, and age about twenty; a native of Surrey preferred. "W. S." is about the medium height, dark, and good looking, is fond of home and dancing, would like a wife who would look after home and make it comfortable.

BLUESHIRT. wishes to meet with a husband about twenty-two, good looking, medium height, rather tall, and daring enough to keep a wife respectfully. She is seventeen, 5ft 6 in., golden brown hair, large gray eyes, small, regular features, can cook a dinner or make a shirt, and would make a loving and good wife to a steady and loving husband.

FLORA would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-three, a clerk preferred, he must be steady, fond of home, a Churchman, also tall and fair. "Flora" is eighteen, 5ft 3½ in., brown hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion and considered good looking by her friends, she is domesticated, could make a good pudding and a shirt for her husband, and in the evening after her day's work is done she could sing a pretty song, and play an accompaniment on the piano.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

ALICE is responded to by—"Harry D."

CHARLIE by—"Marie."

TWELVE TOM GUN by—"Kate" who is considered good looking, and thinks she can make a home happy.

OLIVE and **MAUD** by—"J. Barleycorn and distinction" respectively. They have good situations and connexions. "J. B." is dark, dark hair, tall, handsome, and a very fair education. "Miss Violet" is fair, light hair, tall, handsome, and fair education.

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